

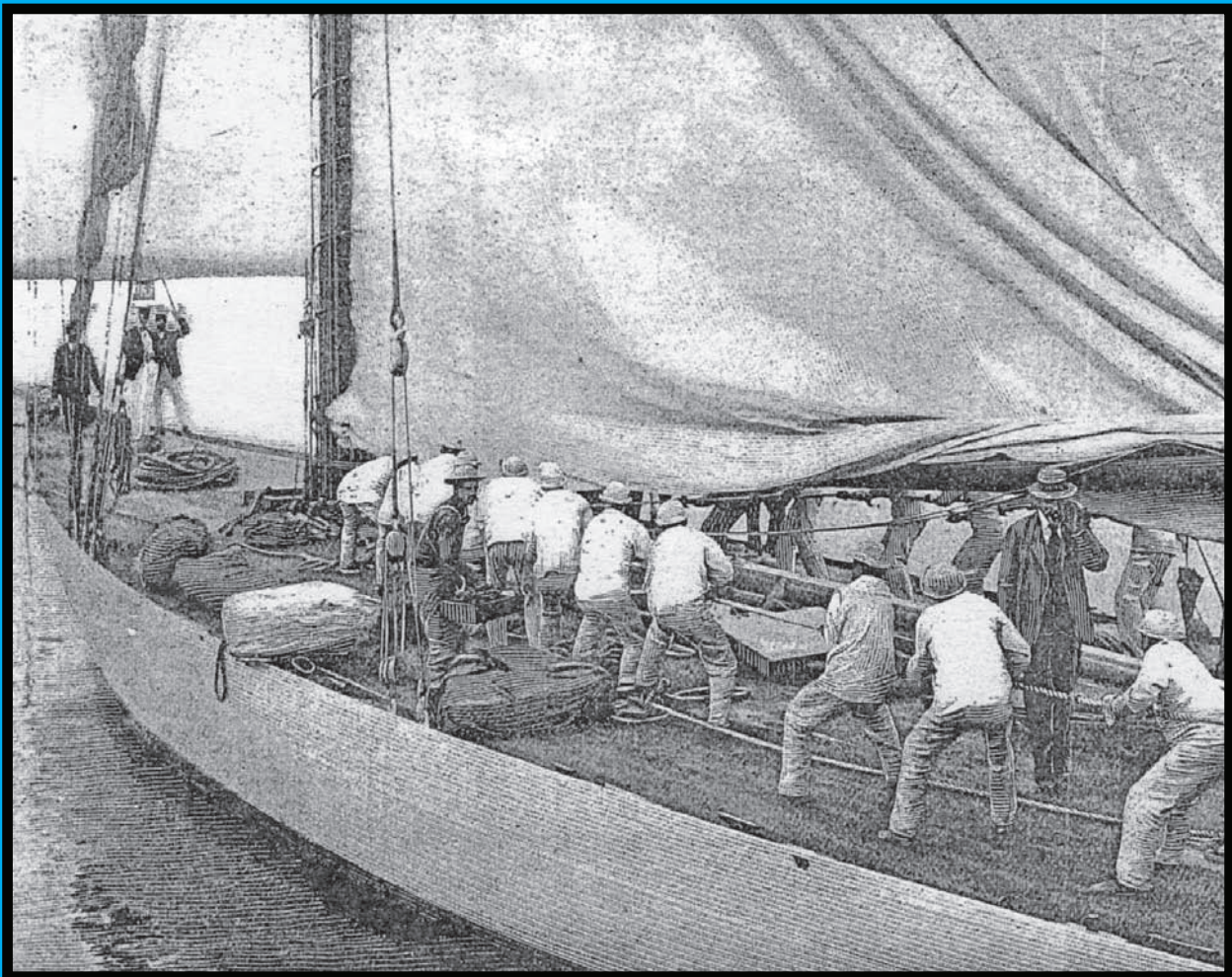


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 33 – Number 10

February 2016

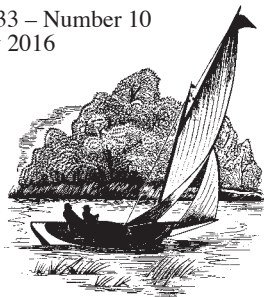
Special Features This Issue
Summer Fun With the New York Yacht Club
Shallow Water Sailors Fall Cruise
A Galley... Other Galleys – Back to the Whammel Boats
American Yachting in 1888 – Part 2



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

This issue's front cover photo leads off quite a lot of old timey messing about in boats features in this issue, reprinted from long ago boating journals. In addition to the wonderful engravings of members of the New York Yacht Club at play in the summer of '88, we have the second part of a longish discussion of American yachting in that year which we began in the January issue. And Reader George Haecker contributed a 1950s editorial from a long deceased magazine, entitled simply *Boats*, discussing what appeared to be a controversial issue of centerboards vs keels. I enjoy reading this boating commentary from out of the past, long before my time.

The New York Yacht Club views stimulated my thoughts about my own long ago family connection (peripherally) with this bunch of boat nuts. My father's grandfather (1848-1939) was an artist who lived in Rhode Island. He was not world famous but not starving in a garret either. His paintings had attracted the attention of Kate Sprague (daughter of Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase) who had married wealthy Rhode Islander William P. Sprague, who became governor of Rhode Island after the Civil War. Her patronage introduced him to her circle of wealthy friends and he prospered from their commissions for his paintings.

Flush with cash from these commissions he had a "castle" (four story tower of fieldstone and all that) built in the Bayside part of Warwick on the western shore of Narragansett Bay (across from Newport) in the 1890s. He also acquired his own "yacht," an old news photo of which I have, captioned "Fleet 42" yawl *Amorita*." When his fortunes turned around in 1910 he lost the castle and the yacht and fell upon hard times.

Never one to stay down, he bounced back into Newport society across the bay through his friendship with another artist, Henry Clews, Jr, son of a wealthy New York businessman who had a summer "cottage" in Newport along with many of the rest of the NYYC bunch. My great grandfather ended up with a studio on the Clews estate, "The Rocks" (long since burned down) and

became something of a darling of the New York yachties. It was an era when patronizing the "arts" was something that one who had money did. He did not, however, acquire another yacht, he wasn't that well off!

My father spoke of summering in Newport as a teenager with his grandfather and, even then in the early 1920s, going down to the docks Friday evenings to watch the New Yorker's yachts arriving for weekend-ing. This led to his filling the flyleaves of his prep school textbooks with drawings of mainly motor yachts, based on the "commuter yachts" he saw in those years in Newport. It appeared he was destined to acquire his own boat when he achieved success out in the working world but the Great Depression put paid to that notion and it wasn't until the early 1960s that he finally acquired a 19' lapstrake inboard that he enjoyed over many summers on New Hampshire's Squam Lake.

Prior to that, while I was growing up, our family would indulge in summer evening picnics at Chandler Hovey Park on Marblehead Neck and watch the yachts of the Marblehead yachties come and go. I wondered much later if my father was vicariously living out some of his youthful boating dreams. A generation later Jane and I would take our own young family to the same spot to picnic and watch the boats. But I was too busy with other activities to succumb to their allure at that time.

In the late 1970s I was getting to the end of 30 plus years of my serious motorcycling activities and began casting around for something different. Jane suggested I take sailing lessons, so I did and went on to discover traditional small boats at Mystic Seaport. And so, belatedly, that long, tenuous connection back to those golden years of yachting ended up with me afloat, sort of, at age 50 or so and now it's already 30 plus years later as we soon will enter our 34th year of *Messing About in Boats*. Had I been living back in that long ago era I probably would have been one of those guys in the cover photo hauling on those halyards.

On the Cover...

Some 125 years ago the folks who messed about in boats for recreation were the wealthy, and thanks to reader Dick Winslow we have some great engravings of those who belonged to the New York Yacht Club enjoying summer fun aboard their yachts starting on page 6. They appear to have been a fun loving bunch!



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

There was a time, perhaps a half century ago last Tuesday morning, when all seemed right with the world, even though I had glimmerings of what I might become. And because I was fool and idiot enough not to drown myself in the brook out back of the barn I went on to become what maybe I am today.

It was also the day that I got my first real boat. The two-oil-drum raft that I kept on the cow pond never quite qualified as a really, truly boat. I mean, it floated, and it didn't tip too awfully much when I stood my sixty pounds of scrawn on any of the corners, and it never cap-sized completely when I shoved on my punting pole, me, Mike Fink, ascending the mighty Ohio back to Pittsburgh.

My first real boat was an 8' pram that resembled an Opti or a Sea Shell, except it hadn't a mast or sail or rudder or dagger board, and how would I have known what to do with all that arcane and explicit and wonderful paraphernalia, anyhow?

Now that the hair that I haven't got left is a beautiful badger gray, I've finally figured out some of what is meant to be done with some, if not all, of the gear and rigging and rags and rods that came with my current love, *MoonWind*. You mustn't let on to *MoonWind* that I'm a novice at this sport. She's confident that I know how to sail, even when I use the unshipped tiller to fend off giggling mermaids; use the lazy jacks to hold up my trousers. Not everyone needs fifty years to discover the subtle intricacies of the boom vang. Not everyone spends months wondering what those little turning blocks by the fantail signify.

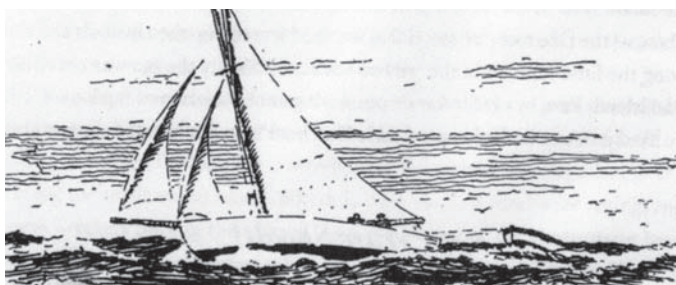
The reason me and *MoonWind* get along so well is neither of us much cares that the mainsail's flying upside down. Neither of us can be bothered to count how many reefs I've taken in the keel. Neither of us is much impressed with how her anchor never drags until I go ashore. *MoonWind* is much like other gals I've dated: She knows I ain't too bright, but loves me for my gaiety and my wit and my choice of coffee.

And I didn't write this to impress you with my knowledge of seamanship. I wrote this 'cause I was pining for an innocent world when water and air and ice and sky were a part of me not prone to faded grandeur; when I traced the track of the moon upon the river with my canoe; when taxes, insurance, and mooring fees had nothing to do with rollicking upon the water, knowing oneself to be sufficient to make it home, perhaps in time for supper. It's what I intend to enjoy again before Poseidon demands I give up the helm forever and deep-six my dreams in that dreariest of havens.

So here, during a February deep, the temperature at 18°, *MoonWind* propped up by the shore, I ponder that inevitability scarfed to the stem of this, my mortal vessel. For while I have the will to wet my keel, I would run before this world's wind to learn the creed of the wave; warm my soul at the molten sun while yet I have flesh to feel; take the helm in my willful fist while yet this arm responds. There are not many, nay, not many fair days left to the likes of me, an old waterman, to roil and glide and lean to the sensuous sea.

And my joy of *MoonWind* will be my chantey all the while I scrape and paint her bottom; all the while I reeve her running rigging; all the while I stow her bushel of roding. And when I'm away upon the wind, don't look for me on your calm fetch of this world. I'll be, perhaps, in the lee of that island, yonder; be, perhaps, on the far side of that billow; be, perhaps, behind that faintest of stars that lift from the sea.

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman Author and Illustrator
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You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Credit to Clark Mills

I have just finished reading the December 2015 issue and it was as enjoyable as always. Thanks for continuing your good work. Two items caught my attention as needing some correction or clarification.

The first is in the "Over the Horizon" column where "Doc" Regan refers to a President Hassan. If he means the president of Syria, I believe it is President Assad.

The second is in the "From the Tiki Hut" column in which Dave Lucas credits Clark Mills with designing the Snipe class sailboat. While Clark Mills may have built them, the Snipe was, in fact, designed by William Crosby.

To give credit where credit is due, Clark Mills did design (and build) the immensely popular and world renowned Optimist pram (now known as the Optimist dinghy or Opti) and the highly successful 15'6" Windmill class racing dinghy. He apparently has never received any royalties for these two designs as the work was done as a charitable contribution to the Optimist Club of Clearwater, Florida. Both designs would be of interest to *MAIB* readers as they were intended to be good sailers that could be built economically by amateurs using ply and natural woods available at the local lumber yard. Plans are available from the respective class associations. Clark Mills also contributed designs to the Com-Pac line of sailboats, a family of boats probably familiar to many *MAIB* readers.

John Bradley, Easton, MD

Projects...

Preservation of the *Evelyn S* Completed

After a year and a half of dedicated effort, the Michigan Maritime Museum announces that the preservation of its 1939 wooden fish tug, the *Evelyn S*, is completed through the good work of apprentices from the Great Lakes Boat Building School (GLBBS) and local contractors. Grant funding for the project was awarded to the City of South Haven and the Michigan Maritime Museum (MMM) from the Michigan Office of the Great Lakes, Coastal Zone Management Program, Department of Environmental Quality. Lead financial contributions to match the grant were made by Cottage Home, Inc, owned and operated by MMM board member Brian Bosgraaf.

Preservation efforts included an initial marine survey conducted by Pat Mahon, director and lead instructor of the GLBBS. Rebuilding much of the tug's deteriorated house was a major part of the preservation process undertaken by GLBBS apprentice Hans Wagner. Painting the entire boat and re-exhibiting it in a newly landscaped section of the Museum's campus finished the project.

To enhance the exhibit, a technology station was added at the base of the *Evelyn S* with a video that features the history of commercial fishing in South Haven, the process of moving and preserving the tug and some inside footage of its pilot house, Kalenberg engine and net lifter equipment: <https://youtu.be/VqloqrG4u9Q>.

Michigan Maritime Museum, 260 Dyckman Ave, South Haven, Michigan 49090, (269) 637-8078, MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org

Great Lakes Boat Building School, 485 S Meridian Rd, Cedarville, Michigan 49719, (906) 484-1081, GLBBS.org.

Viking Replica Project

A fellow (in Sweden, I think) is building a 14-6 sailboat called a Snipa and has redone the plans into the making of a replica Viking boat. Best I've seen in a smaller boat with excellent dragon heads fore and aft. View his blog at <http://nordicboats1.blogspot.com/>

Henry Kovar, Ocean Springs, MS

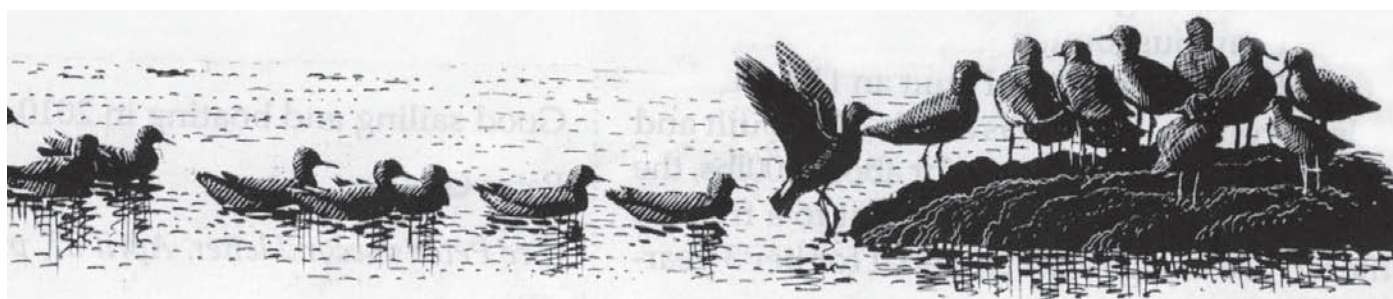
Activities & Events...

Bronze Casting Workshop

On Thursday, March 17 through Saturday, March 19, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, is offering a three day bronze casting workshop in its boatyard. Held 9am-4pm on all three days, the workshop is for participants ages 16 and older, with class size limited and advanced registration needed.

Participants will join nationally renowned sculpture artist and Shepherd University professor Christian Benefiel as he teaches the intricacies of casting bronze, including creating molds, working the sand and furnace and pouring the molten metal. Participants will take home a working knowledge of casting metal along with their own creation.

The workshop is \$225 for CBMM members, and \$275 for non members, plus a \$100 materials fee. To register contact Allison Speight at aspeight@cbmm.org or (410) 745-4941.



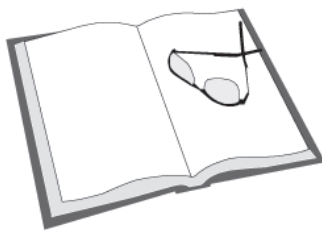
A couple of years ago I was on a kick of reading John Steinbeck, and not his magnum opus *East of Eden* or even *Grapes of Wrath*. I was reading a number of his less well regarded books, at least as far as the “critics” are concerned. Only one got reviewed for *MAIB*, *The Log from The Sea of Cortez*. That volume comes from a six week long expedition in 1940 by JS and his close friend Ed Ricketts (impresario of a biological supplier and model for characters in about half of Steinbeck’s novels) to the Gulf of California, otherwise known as the Sea of Cortez, to collect and catalog marine biology specimens. The trip was the last scientific survey of the Gulf before the damming of the Colorado River caused the river to cease emptying into the Gulf of California, forever changing the ecology of that body of water. Author Kevin Bailey credits Steinbeck and Ricketts’ work as being one of the precursors of what is now known as the “deep ecology” movement.

I don’t recall ever reading a mention of the name of the vessel, but it turns out to be *Western Flyer* and the vessel still exists. It seems to be sitting at this time on the hard in Port Townsend, Washington. Kevin Bailey, recently retired from a career as a fisheries biologist, has used the history of the *Western Flyer* to not only discuss the significance of the Sea of Cortez trip, but also by following the boat’s career, trace the collapse of Pacific fisheries in sardines, ocean perch, king crab and wild salmon (sounds like something Susanne Altenburger needs to fill her spare time, assuming she has any).

I don’t know about the author’s claim about this boat being the most famous fishing boat in history (it does have its own Wikipedia page), but it was a well traveled boat, fishing Monterey Bay, Puget Sound and Alaska and seems to have a colorful and instructive career. The story is well told and not given to overblown prose too often found in both environmentalist literature and in books about historic vessels deteriorating into wreckage. The author makes his point well and in a balanced way. About half the text relates to the boat’s building and early career, including the Steinbeck charter, and half to its decades in various fisheries and locals. The illustrations are well chosen and useful. I recommend it to anyone interested in ecology and environment, fisheries, Steinbeck studies or just the history of an extraordinary working boat.

I talked to the author, Kevin Bailey, on the phone. Turns out that the two of us grew up and went to high school a few miles from each other in the area of the central California coast that gets referred to as “Steinbeck Country,” the setting for many of his stories. The author, who is now retired from National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), said that the two most surprising things he learned about the saga of the *Western Flyer* were 1) that Steinbeck’s first wife Carol was on the expedition to the Sea of Cortez (she is mentioned nowhere in either *Sea of Cortez* book), and 2) that late in the boat’s career it was renamed *Gemini*. Like the mythological twins, Bailey finds the boat to have two sides, diametrically opposed. I’ll let potential readers discover how that plays out in the book rather than spoiling or prejudicing you all’s judgment.

So what of the *Western Flyer* itself? When the author finished the boat was rotting and rusting away, having sunk at her berth in recent years and having spent months under



Book Review

The Western Flyer Steinbeck’s Boat, The Sea of Cortez, and the Saga of Pacific Fisheries

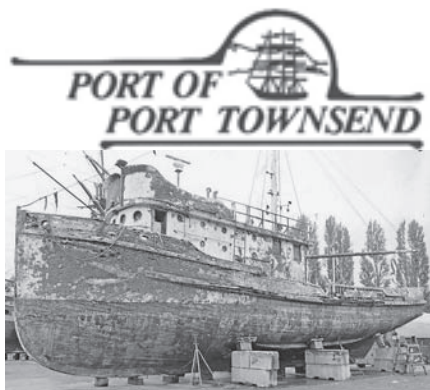
By Kevin M. Bailey
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago 2015

Reviewed by John Nystrom

water. The near hulk was scheduled to be cut up and trucked to Salinas, California (Steinbeck’s birthplace) to become part of a theme restaurant. It has since been sold to a California millionaire for the obscene reported price of \$1 million for the remains, which were moved to Port Townsend, a wooden boat building Mecca on Puget Sound. The plan is for him to invest another \$2 million in restoring the boat for a return to Monterey Bay and life as a research and education vessel. The author sent me links to articles on the new plans: <http://www.thecalifornian.com/story/news/local/2015/02/26/western-flyer-purchase-act-love/24091703/> and http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/13/us/in-act-of-love-steinbecks-boat-is-being-given-a-new-life.html?_r=0. For a bit more, and pictures, of the restoration at Port Townsend: <http://portofpt.com/western-flyer-renovation-underway/>.

It will be interesting to see what happens.

From the Internet Site



The *Western Flyer*, an historic boat once used by author John Steinbeck, is currently being restored at the Port of Port Townsend Boat Haven after a year underwater and an uncertain future. The 72’ vessel was built by Tacoma’s Western Boat Building Co in 1937. In 1940 the seiner was chartered in Monterey, California, by American literary giant John Steinbeck and his friend Ed “Doc” Ricketts for a six week biological collecting expedi-

tion that was the subject of Steinbeck’s 1951 book, *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*.

The boat’s new owner, John Gregg of California, decided to do the restoration work in Port Townsend after visiting the area. “Guys were working with hand tools and caulking boats, there is just a lot of local knowledge there that I don’t think is duplicated anywhere else on the West Coast. So I realized right away that that boat had to stay there.”

Mark Stout of Scow Bay Boats of Port Townsend, is overseeing the project and will draw from the local talent pool to conduct the repairs. Once the two year, \$2 million restoration is completed, Gregg plans to sail the boat to Monterey Bay in California for use as an educational center.



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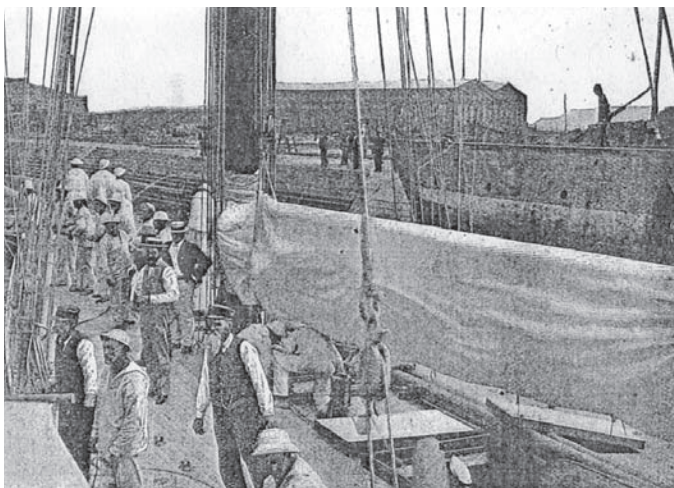
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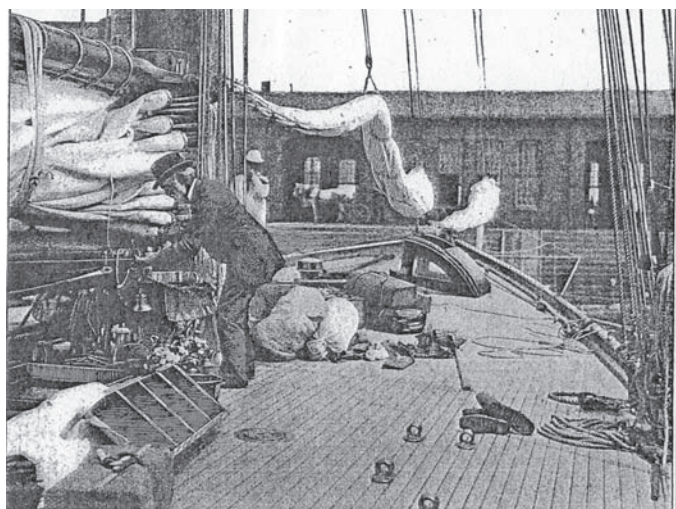
Preparing for the yachting season, yachts of the New York Yacht Club's fleet at Tebo's Dock, South Brooklyn, making ready for their summer's work.

Summer Fun with the New York Yacht Club

From Scribners Magazine 1888
Contributed by Dick Winslow

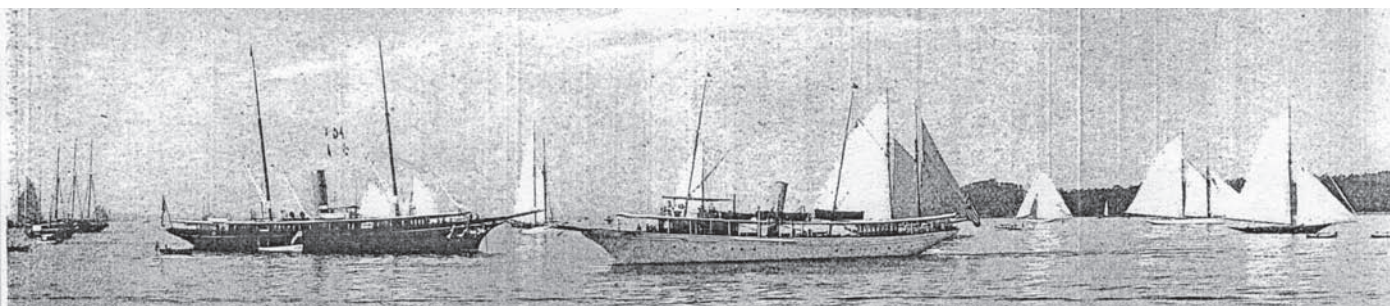


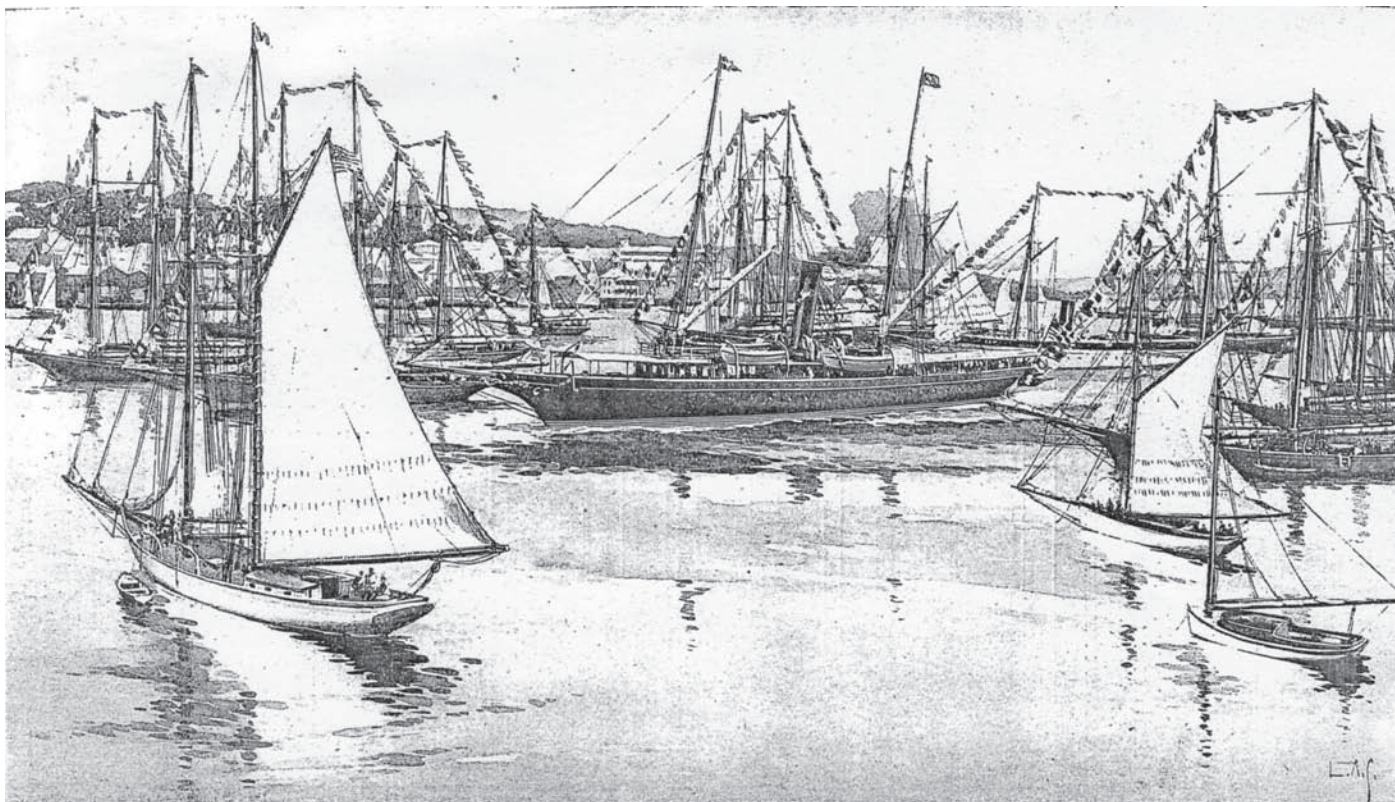
The preparation of a racing yacht, the *Defender* with Oliver Iselin and Captain Haff on deck, going into dry dock to be measured before her races with *Valkyrie III*.



Measuring a racing yacht, John Hyslop, the Official Measurer of the New York Yacht Club, taking the dimensions of *Vigilant*.

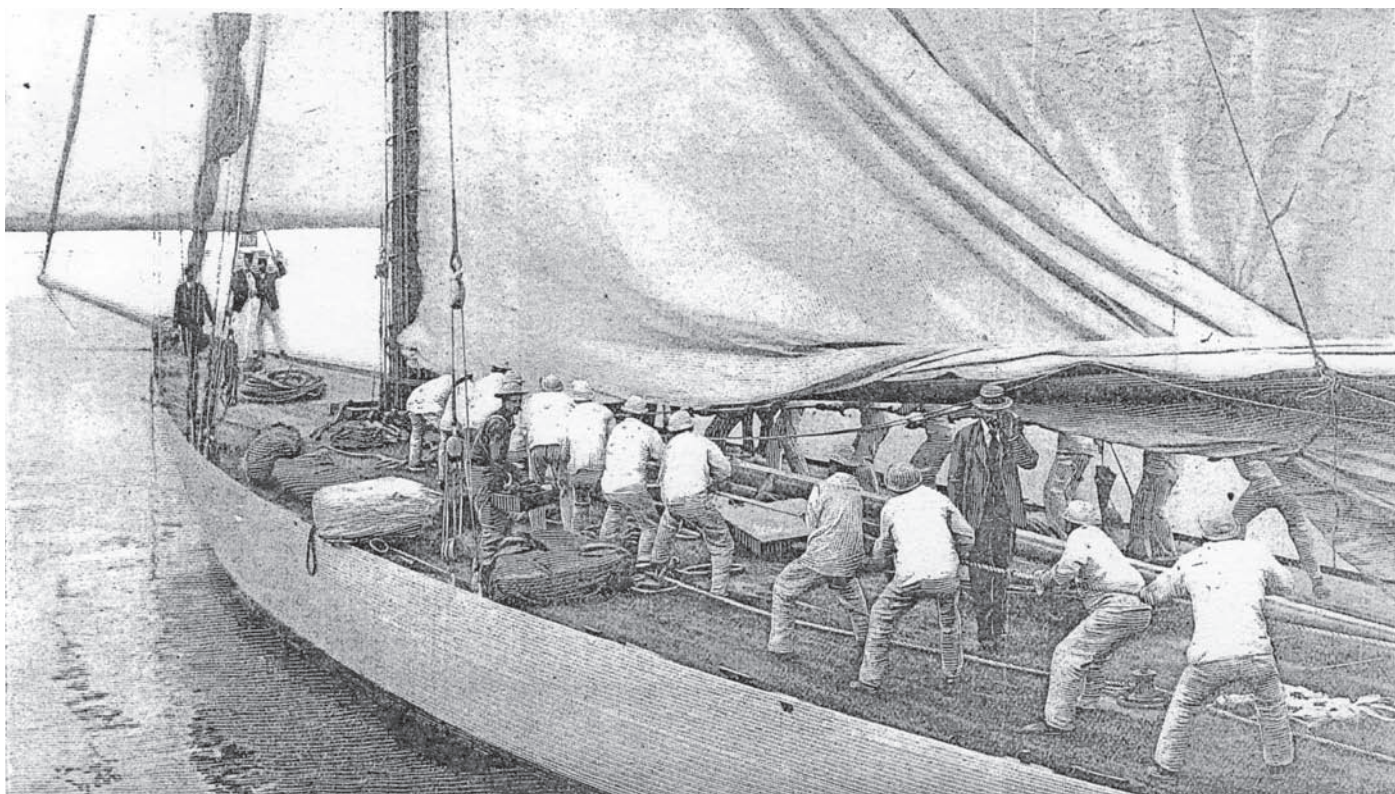
A rendezvous of the New York Yacht Club fleet at Glen Cove, Long Island for the Annual Cruise to Newport. The black steam yacht on the left is Mr. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, now the United States Ship *Gloucester*.



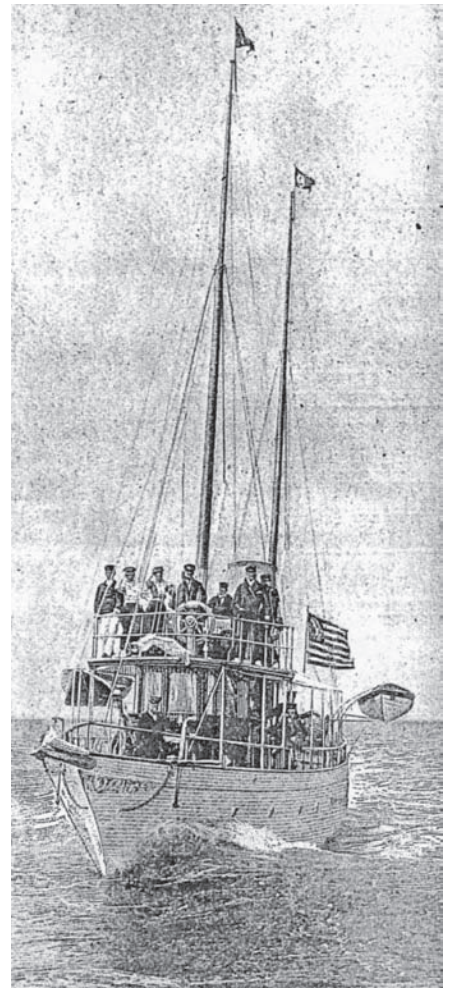
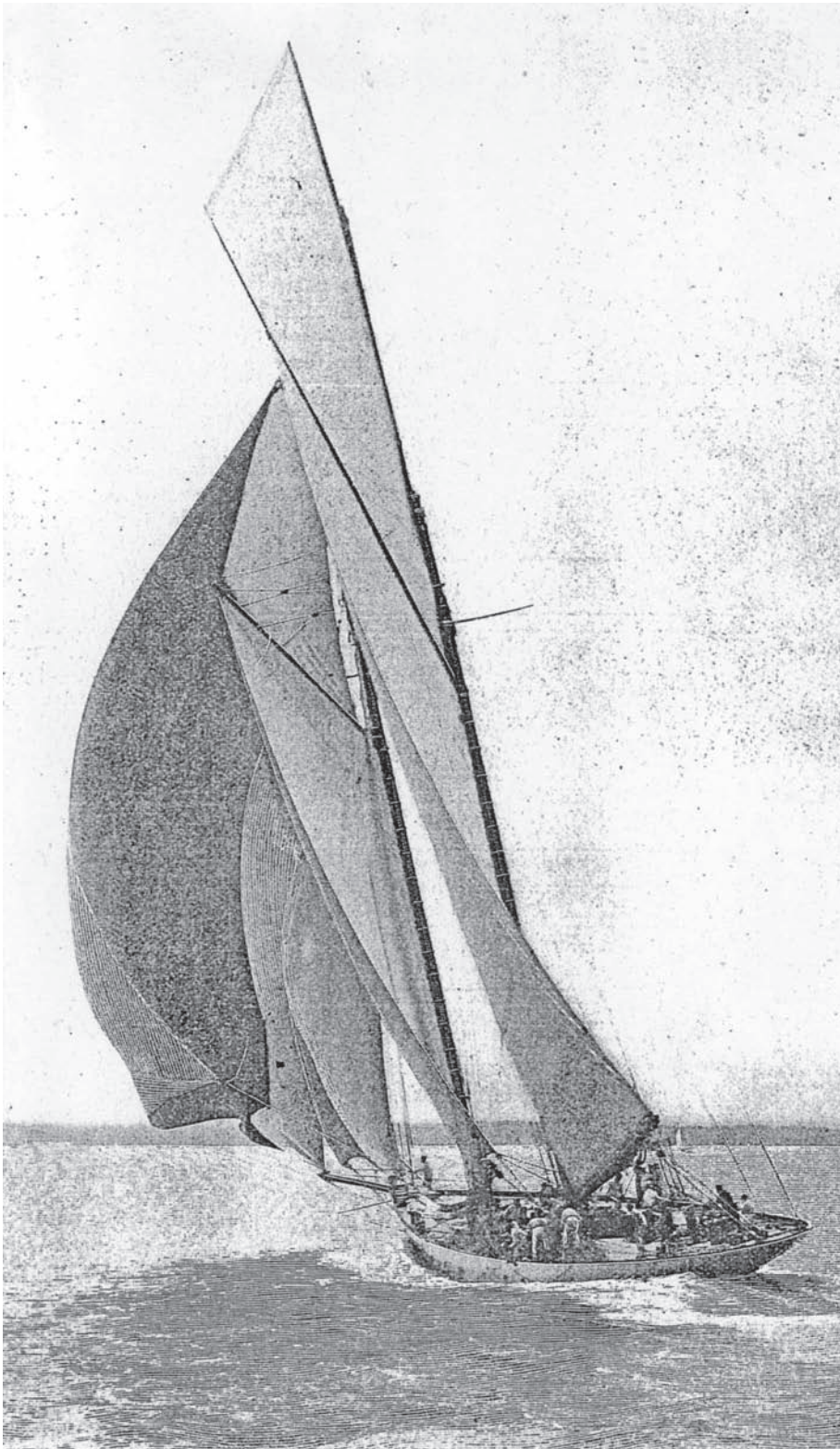


The rendezvous of the New York Yacht Club Squadron at Newport, arrival of the flagship, Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's steam yacht *Corsair*, now the United States Ship *Gloucester*.

The crew of a racing yacht at work hoisting the huge mainsail of the *Defender*, preparatory to a race.

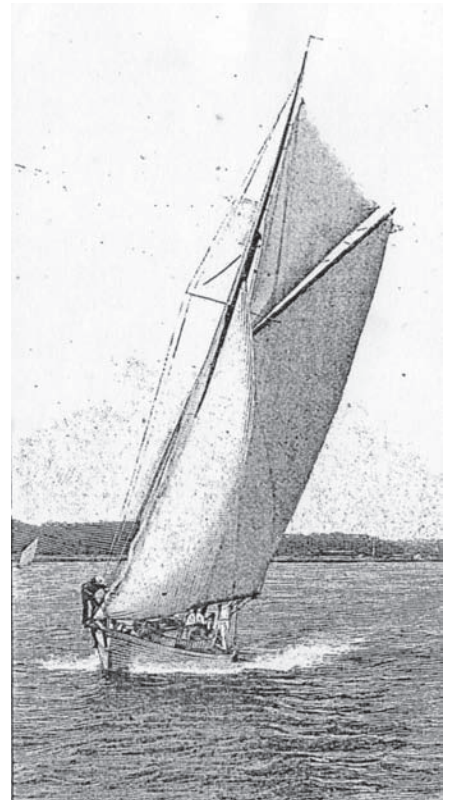


A fine spread of canvas, the schooner *Colonia*, built as a single sticker for the defense of the America's Cup.



In the wake of the race off Scotland Lightship.

Out for pleasure, one of the 49' yachts cruising on the Sound.



This is the story of a sailboat race on the Miles River of Maryland's Eastern Shore. The race was part of the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival (MASCF) XXXII held in October 2014. The memories of that race are as fresh in my mind as if it was sailed yesterday. Let me explain why the story is just being told now.

MASCF is held at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels Maryland. MASCF XXXIII was prudently cancelled three days before the event this year. The museum instead put all of their resources into preparing for the high winds and storm surge predicted with the approach of Hurricane Joaquin. Fortunately the hurricane passed north offshore and the preparations were not needed.

Over the years Nom Wolfe, I and other Shallow Water Sailors have made the MASCF a "must attend" event on our sailing calendars. For the last several years Norm has brought his Normsboat *Piilu* to the festival. Normsboat is 18', flat bottomed with a single offset centerboard and a balanced lug rig. Normsboat always draws a crowd at the dock. Some recognize the boat as a Jim Michalak design and others are just curious. I bring a small camper (van conversion) to serve as the "chuck wagon." We sleep in our own vehicles on the museum grounds.

One of the highlights of the MASCF is an open class sailboat race on Saturday afternoon. I never got around to writing about our participation in the 2014 race. So now that the 2015 MASCF and sailboat race were cancelled, it is time to tell the story.

This particular Saturday was windy, very windy. We were going to need weight to hold *Piilu* down. Mary Slaughter and Dean Meledones, long time sailing friends and Shallow Water Sailors, were recruited. Mary and Dean are very experienced sailors but they are certainly not heavyweights. I do not think the two of them weigh more than 230 pounds combined!

We got *Piilu* underway from the CBMM piers. That in itself was a challenge. *Piilu* has no motor. Norm does very well with just a sculling oar. We talked about putting in a reef before getting underway but decided to sail out on to the Miles River and "take a look." After all, we did have a skilled crew aboard. The departure through Fogg Cove was seamanlike. I counted 40 sailboats as we approached the starting line off Patriot's Point. There were sailing canoes, scows, dinghies, catboats, sloops and schooners, all milling around. Some were daysailers, some were capable of beach cruising. Some were singlehanded and some had multiple crews. We all agreed the only way to win the race was to push *Piilu* hard. We kept full sail up.

Most of the race participants were at the starting line 30 minutes early. Norm was skipper, chief tactician and lookout forward in the slot top cabin, Mary and Dean were in the cockpit, "holding us down", with a watch in hand to time our start. They also served as tacticians and lookouts. I was at the helm and sheet.

We spent some time behind the starting line gauging the wind speed and direction. In our several runs at the starting line we decided the port side of the starting line was favored. About three minutes before the starting gun we came about onto a port tack, hardened up and drove for the line. There was chaos all around as the 39 other boats were doing the same thing. Our course to the port starting mark was clear except for a

2014 MASCF Sailboat Race

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

small singlehanded scow in front of us. We would cross the line behind him except, it soon became apparent, he was going to cross early. I expected him to veer to starboard and slow. I could then come up on his port side and cover his wind. Instead, he crossed the line early and then attempted to do a left hand 360° turn around the mark.

Suddenly, instead of him being off our starboard bow going away, he was coming down our port side and raking us with his boom. There was no damage done and the skipper was apologetic, frantically trying to get his boat under control. In spite of this, *Piilu* crossed the line about three seconds after the gun. Good start, I thought. Sheet-ing hard in, I came up closer to the wind to keep good air. There was no one on our port side. The chaos was all on our starboard side where I could see it.

Suddenly, I could hear a hissing sound behind me. I looked astern and saw the 22' double ended sloop *Spirit*, crewed by volunteers from the Calvert Marine Museum including SWSer Brian Forsyth, about 20 yards behind us and driving hard with "a bone in her teeth." (Note: The sloop was built by Dick Hartge in his retirement in Florida 40 years ago as his personal boat. The crew at Calvert Maritime Museum had restored her.) She seemed to carry acres of sail. Brian and them good ole southern Maryland boys were moving her "real good!"

I hardened up even more to try and make them pass downwind of us. Foolish boy! They hardened up, too, and blew by our windward side so fast we did not even have time to exchange pleasantries. "Where is the next mark, Norm?" I asked. Visibility to windward from *Piilu's* helm is limited when she is laid hard over. I was just watching the water come up to the leeward gunwale in the gusts and easing the main sheet as required.

Fortunately *Piilu's* only leeboard was on our lee side and really "digging in." Our plan was to approach the next turning mark high and then fall down on it so that we would be given "buoy room." We made the mistake the year before of sailing a straight line to the next buoy only to be pushed far beyond the mark to let other boats fall down on the mark and round it. Norm, Mary and Dean called the mark and the boats around us. We were moving and passing other boats. Man, that was some exciting sailing!

We approached the first mark high as planned and started falling down on it, gaining speed. The other boats approaching on our starboard side had to give us "buoy room" as we rounded the mark. The next mark was directly upwind. We immediately came over to a starboard tack to keep our air clean. What followed were a series of short tacks towards the weather mark.

Piilu does not have a head sail which makes short tacking much easier than in a sloop. *Piilu* excels at short tacking in a moderate wind. The main sheet can be set in tight and the boat sailed to fill the sail. We were holding our own against the multi sail

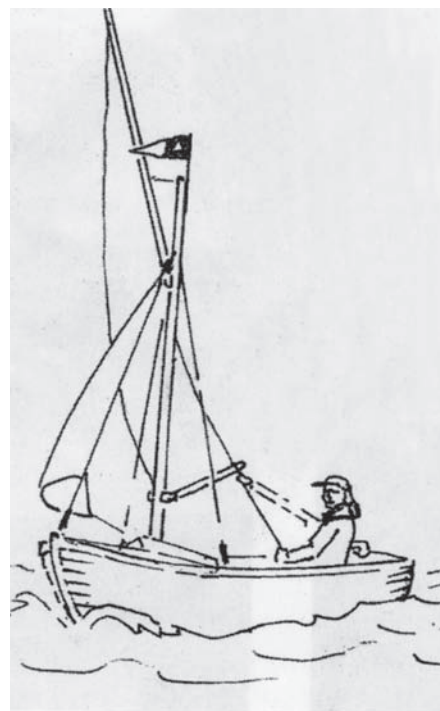
boats. As we approached the weather mark there was a catboat in front of us and a pinky schooner just behind us. These guys were going to be our competition. Them good ole boys in the Calvert Marine Museum boat were so far in front of us there was no hope of catching them.

We rounded the second mark and came over to a starboard reach, heading back towards Fogg Cove and the finish line. We went high on the lay line and used a day marker and shallow water to protect our starboard side and keep clean air. The closer we got to the finish line the more I let *Piilu* fall off the wind and gain speed. The catboat was heading straight for the line. We matched her speed but could not gain on her. The pinky schooner was coming up fast on our port quarter. I could hear her bow wake over my shoulder. I fell off some more, aiming for the port side of the finish line. The pinky would have to pass me on my port side and get bad air or veer to starboard and pass up our starboard side, a longer distance and harder on the wind. It was going to be close!

We crossed the finish line just behind the catboat and just in front of the pinky, tenth overall in the field of 40 boats. Not bad for a small, homemade boxcar with a rudder. (Sorry, Mr Michalak.) Though the race was less than an hour long, we were exhausted but elated. We lowered the sail in Fogg Cove and sculled back to the piers. What a race! What a finish! Later we learned that two singlehanded boats had gone over during the race and had to be rescued.

It has become a tradition that *Piilu's* captain buys the crew dinner Saturday night. Unfortunately Dean and Mary could not attend because of another MASCF commitment. After a first class dinner in St Michaels, Norm and I walked back to the MASCF events tent on the CBMM grounds. There we were told that *Piilu* had been awarded first place in the Beach Cruiser Class for the race that afternoon. Yee ha!

So there is my story. The 2014 MASCF was memorable but that race, "the sailboat race," will forever stay in my mind. Great boat, great crew, great finish!



Despite threats of rain and a small craft advisory for high winds for most of the weekend, Norm and I launched our respective boats from the Coast Guard facility at St Inigoes on Friday afternoon. It was blowing pretty good from ENE and I had four wraps (reefs) in the main and three in the mizzen and had no problems making hull speed reaching up the river. As we passed St Mary's College the wind subsided a little but was still gusty. I removed one wrap from each of my sails. We ended up sailing most of the way around Tippetty Wichety Island looking for a good sheltered spot for the night.

A powerline connecting the island to the mainland prevented our complete circumnavigation. The chart showed a clearance of 15' although it looked like more. The tops of my masts are 21' above the water so I decided not to chance it. We ending up a little downriver from the island, tucked into a shallow bight on the eastern shore. Just as we finished cleaning up dinner dishes it started to rain. It rained all night, not hard but steadily, stopping just at dawn. Timing is everything.

Our plan for Saturday was to head downriver and stop at historic St Mary's City to take in Riverfest. This is a fun event with reenactors, exhibits and demonstrations, crafts, food, etc. On our way downriver we encountered (and sailed around) the Fall Intercollegiate Regatta at St Mary's College. I was again heavily reefed due to the gusty conditions and felt a little wimpy as we passed all those boats under full sail, crews hiking hard and moving fast.

After beaching at Riverfest, Norm and I eventually caught up with Dave and Marcia and Brent and Lois who wisely drove over from Dave and Marcia's house. Brent

Shallow Water Sailors Fall Cruise St Mary's River, Maryland September 25-27

By Brian Forsyth
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Participants

Norm Wolfe, Normsboat *Piilu*
Brian Forsyth, Sea Pearl 21 *Reely Otter*
Brent and Lois Sparks, modified B&B
Princess 26 *Navigator*

and Lois had sailed over earlier to Dave and Marcia's after launching from Dennis Point Marina on Carthagenia Creek in their recently completed *Navigator*. Due to the weather Riverfest was sparsely attended this year but we had fun touring the replica "tall ship" *Dove* and talking with several interesting folks.

Norm and I then set sail for Marcia and Dave's pier on St Inigoes Creek. We were again reefed down for the gusts but that was not enough as we turned into the creek with our destination dead to windward. It was blowing well over 20 with whitecaps on the creek. I tried a couple of tacks but was going nowhere. Norm set his anchor close to the northern shore and I fired up my trusty Honda 2hp outboard. After one "practice pass" I got close enough to get a bow line from Norm and took him in tow. At full throttle and with careful steering to hold us directly into the eye of the wind we were able to make headway up the creek.

Once we reached Dave and Marcia's pier we were quite sheltered from the wind.

Dave and Marcia's pier is awesome with room to easily tie up four or five SWS craft. We climbed the steps from the dock to their house and were greeted by our hosts, as well as John Zohlen who drove down in his new RV, my wife Valerie and several other neighbors. After telling our tale of fighting the gale, we tucked into a superb spaghetti and eggplant parmigiana dinner including a three liter bottle of nice Tuscan red. I slept well and soundly aboard *Reely Otter* tied to their pier.

Sunday morning started with breakfast at Dave and Marcia's. Warm croissants in the wilds of southern Maryland, who knew? Brent and Lois also surprised us with fresh baked bread from their onboard oven. After cleaning up and goodbyes, the three boats set sail down St Inigoes Creek. Recovery and the road trip home were uneventful. I'm looking forward to exploring this area some more in the future. With calmer winds the more open waters of the St Mary's River mouth south of St Inigoes Creek promise interesting sailing and another set of creeks to explore.



Brent and Lois Sparks, modified B&B Princess 26, *Navigator*,



Norm Wolfe in *Piilu* anchored near Tippetty Wichety Island on the St Mary's River.

On our way downriver we encountered (and sailed around) the Fall Intercollegiate Regatta at St. Mary's College.



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The Chesapeake Bay's water surface covers 4,500 square miles. Starting at the mouth of the Susquehanna River, the Bay flows 200 miles south to its outlet into the Atlantic Ocean. Its width varies from 2.8 miles to 30 miles. The Bay's ship channel is quite complex, at times the channel is near the Bay's eastern shore but then it can quickly change to the western shore! Once in the open waters of the Bay, ships will pick up speed to nearly 20 knots so little sailboats need to know the ship channel and keep away from it when ships are about!

Navigation on the Bay is complex and large ships must pick up a Bay pilot before proceeding up the Bay to assure a safe trip. Ship traffic is substantial. For instance, the Port of Baltimore nationally ranks 15th in total tonnage, first in roll on/roll off cargo and third in automobiles. Even though we live in the age of GPS, accidents caused by poor navigation can still happen. In the old days ships depended on various aids to navigation. And, of course, there were the lighthouses. The guardians of the night! The Bay had more than 30 lighthouses operated by keepers who worked tirelessly to keep the lights operating properly.

My wife Virginia and I, for the past 30 years, have sailed on the Bay and its tributaries. We joined the Shallow Water Sailors in 1993. The Bay has been the focus of our sailing experience and the circumnavigation of lighthouses was part of the fun. We especially loved to take a turn about the Thomas Point Shoal Light, giving our passengers a thrill!

Besides sailing with the SWSers, Virginia and I started attending Road Scholar programs (originally called Elderhostels). By now we have done over 50 of these programs. We recently went on one called the "Keepers of the Light: Great Lighthouses of the Chesapeake Bay." We had a great time learning about the history of lighthouses from the staff of the Calvert Marine Museum (in Solomons, Maryland). Besides learning about lighthouses, we got a great dose of marine biology from the very knowledgeable museum staff. The program lasted for five days with two cruises, one on a high speed motorboat and another on the museum's *Dee of St. Mary's*, a sailing skipjack. Virginia prepared for this program by reading a good number of books about the life of lighthouse keepers of the early 20th century. See the listing at the end of this article.

The cruise on the motorboat was a whole day affair that started at the museum and went all the way north to beyond the Bay Bridge. We looked closely at six of the main lighthouses while our leader gave us their histories. The lighthouses included Drum Point,

A Visit to Chesapeake Bay Lighthouses

By Ken Murphy
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Cove Point, Thomas Point, Sandy Point and Bloody Point.

During the ride to Bloody Point our leader told us a story about a screwpile lighthouse (similar to the Thomas Point Lighthouse) that during a winter was dislodged from its foundation by sheets of heavy ice. Luckily the keepers were able to escape from the floating lighthouse by crossing the ice to land and survived. So a new caisson design was created. The design called for a metal cylinder of plates bolted together and lowered into position. When the final levels of plates had been attached, the cylinder was filled with over 700 cubic feet of concrete. This was the design of Bloody Point. However, during a severe winter storm of 1883, heavy sheets of ice pushed against the lighthouse and the result can be seen today.

As we returned south in the motorboat going at a steady 15 knots I was surprised to see one of those boxy auto carrier ships overtake us! I'm guessing it was going 18 to 20 knots! Wow. After about 30 minutes it was on the horizon about to disappear in the distance.

Virginia and I have gone on a number of salty Road Scholar programs, including the inner passage from Bellingham, Washington, to southern Alaska, and the islands of Grand Manan in Canada and San Juan, in the State of Washington. All great programs.

Recommended Reading

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter by Lenore Skomal. A story about Ida Lewis. She was celebrated for many acts of bravery in saving lives after taking over as keeper after her father's death. The Ida Lewis Lighthouse, which was formerly the Lime Rock Lighthouse, is in Newport Harbor in Rhode Island. It is named after Ida Lewis, who was the lighthouse keeper from 1879 until her death in 1911.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Wife by Connie Scovill Small. Connie Scovill Small writes about her 28 years of lighthouse living and service along the Maine and New Hampshire coasts with her husband Elson.

The Light on the Island by Helene Glidden. The story of a young girl growing up on Patos Island in the San Juan Archipelago. Her parents raised 13 children while her father served as the Patos Island lighthouse keeper from 1905-1913. Helene reminisces about



The Thomas Point Shoal Lighthouse.

The Bloody Point Lighthouse was tilted by sheet ice in 1883



the adventure and heartbreak experienced on this beautiful but remote island.

The Light Between Oceans by M.I. Stedman. After four harrowing years on the Western Front, Tom Sherbourne returns to Australia and takes a job as the lighthouse keeper on Janus Rock, nearly half a day's journey from the coast. To this isolated island, a supply boat comes once a season and shore leaves are granted every other year at best. Tom and his young, bold and loving wife Isabel keep the light burning.



Story from Chris Stickney
(Chris Stickney builds "Goby" and
other small wooden boats in St.
George, ME.)

25 Years Ago in **MAIB**



A Voyage Such as Ours

"I really feel like getting out on the water today," I told my 4-year-old son one morning. After going sailing only twice this summer, the thin veneer covering my addiction to boats and the water was wearing through.

The big boat had been hauled out for the winter, and the skiffs were "bottoms up" waiting for spring. Besides that, our trailer was quite cumbersome and pretty badly rusted. I figured she only had a couple of "emergency" launches left in her.

"Let's take the Goby," I suggested, trying to make a quick getaway with as little work as possible. "Where are we going?" Benjamin asked. "I don't know, we'll decide on the way," I replied, trying to sound like it was going to be fun no matter where we went and conceal the desperation that was mounting within.

We had covered most of Tenants Harbor on previous expeditions. I've wanted to poke around the St. George River, but today it was blowing quite briskly from the southwest, straight down the river. The lack of access to the water along the river makes it difficult for even the most intrepid voyagers. Another solution had to be found.

My son, sensing a chink in the armor of rowing possibilities, suggested walking along the railroad tracks somewhere. This happens to be one of his favorite outdoor activities next to playing Ninja Turtles, and at times he has been known to incorporate both of these at the same time. There has been a limited rail service started between Thomaston and Wiscasset which gives fuel to the railroad idea. However, the possibility of seeing a train is like sighting a Sasquatch. Even though you know they exist, you remain a bit skeptical until you actually see one.

Anyway, all of a sudden this big light bulb blinked on. Instead of going for the open water at the mouth, we'd try the head waters. Starting in Thomaston, there's a small water front park with a launching ramp, a grassy pier, parking and a fairly protected harbor.

A trip up the river would take us under two drawbridges and...a railroad bridge! Perfect. The St. George River is tidal for much of its length. At times the current gets quite strong, and the tide was starting to ebb.

We launched our vessel, pulled her up on the grassy bank while we watched a lobster boat being cajoled onto a cradle to be put to rest for the winter. The fisherman's boy and Ben played and watched alternately until the boat was on the trailer and headed down the road.

In a few seconds, we had our gear aboard and were headed up the river. It was quite chilly out of the sun and once in a while a gust of wind sneaked through the trees or around a bend. I

hoped the trip would be interesting enough to keep a small boy's mind off the cold. Kids can endure quite a lot if they don't get bored or can run a bit. In our small boat running was out of the question for the most part.

We rowed past the remaining boats in the harbor, talked about tides and currents and the eddies that made the "big swirly places." Past a couple of boat shops showing some of their works in progress was a marine construction barge with a crane doing some repair work on the Thomaston-Cushing Bridge. This captivated Benjamin until we got under the bridge and a car rumbled over our heads.

"We shouldn't have come here. I don't like that bridge," said Ben with a worried look on his face. "How come you don't like the bridge? I thought it would be fun to row underneath."

"It's too loud and it scares me."

"Oh, the noise from the cars scares you?"

"Yes, we shouldn't have come at all."

"How about if on the way back we wait till all the cars have gone by before we go under, would that be alright?"

"I guess so," he said warily.

A break! Quick, change the subject. "Look at the bank by those old boats. Looks like part of an old dock. What do you think it is?" He supposed it to be a bridge. There were no earthworks on the opposite side of the river and there was an old brick and mortar ruin up the bank from the "dock-bridge."

"How about a mill or a lime kiln and they used the dock to load and unload schooners at the dock? Or, since it is quite a low flat area, maybe they built a schooner there and launched it sideways down a wooden skidway?"

In the days when schooner building was an epidemic, boats were built all up and down the St. George River. They were launched light and unrigged and floated down the river to Thomaston to be fitted out for trading in the lime and firewood industries so prevalent at the time.

After a bit of discussion this last idea was accepted because it gave us the idea of trying to locate other likely spots for boat building sights. On the south bank there are fir, cedar and pine trees growing right to the water's edge. On the north bank, oak and ash are abundant. Lesser today, but it is obvious with material so convenient that boat building was an ideal industry here.

The current was ebbing, about 2 knots, and the southerly breeze had come dead ahead as we rounded the first bend. It took some maneuvering to keep headway on, even out of the strongest current against the gusts of wind. Progress was slowing, the piece of styrofoam

we were towing as a tender was losing its charm and the gusty wind was taking the edge off our optimism. Entertainment was needed!

"LOOK, by the shore, a huge sea monster!" A huge knot of writing, twisted tentacles was looming out of the water directly in our path. "I can't pull against the current fast enough. We can't get away! We'll have to stand and fight!" Thank goodness for steel nerves and ever-ready alertness my son has acquired through months of intense Ninja Turtle Training. With little or no hesitation, he let out a bone-chilling battle cry "COWABUNGA!!" and insisted we row in closer to do battle with the enemy. "When we get in close enough I'll throw some salt on him and we'll be safe," he declared.

After several dangerous forays into the entanglement of writhing monster tentacles the foe was vanquished. From then on we kept a sharp lookout for other creatures lurking precariously on the eroding banks, ready at a moment's notice to leap upon unsuspecting voyagers who should stray within their grasp.

Further up the river we found several small tributaries. We explored each of these in turn, to rest and to get out of the wind for a while. These turned out to be small canals, with about 300 or 400 feet of navigable water with marsh grass along the banks. There were a few birds to be seen. One blue heron was quite irate at having his fishing interrupted. Along the banks various flotsam had washed ashore. One inlet yielded such treasures as a hard hat lost from some project somewhere along the river, and a piece of styrofoam to replace our tender that had been discarded earlier. Much to the delight of Benjamin, beside one of these meanders was an embankment which led up to a set of railroad tracks.

We were both fairly chilly and the river had taken a turn, so the wind was now opposing the tide. Quite a chop had built up, so the rest on the tracks in the sun and out of the wind was very pleasant.

However, time and tide wait for no man, or boy, so we were soon under way again. Our original objective had been to row from Thomaston up the river to the two bridges that cross the river at the Warren line on U.S. Rte. 1. They are replacing the old drawbridge with a causeway-type bridge and dismantling the old one. With all this activity in such close proximity to the railroad bridge that crosses just downstream, it seemed like the perfect trip. It also had the complete support of Benjamin.

On our leaving the tributary near the railroad tracks we suffered a minor calamity. It seemed much more devastating than it actually was, because of the added cold and lack of physical activity. While sliding down the bank from the tracks, Ben was leapt upon by a vicious dried goldenrod bush. Before being crushed, it got off a good swipe right in Ben's face, depositing a copious quantity of dried flower fluff in his eye.

I suggested it was probably time to head for home, for though his eye had stopped hurting he was still quite miffed. I knew the trip home would be quicker and warmer, but you can't convince a youngster who has put up with cold and wind, and irresponsible assaults by rogue weeds, that he should go home without seeing the railroad bridge that he's put up with so much already to see. Quite a quandary.

"Well," says old Dad, "here's the plan. We'll row straight across the river so we'll be in the lee of those tall spruce trees. It won't be so windy, the water is shallower so the current won't be as strong and not as rough, and maybe

from that side of the river we can see around the next bend enough to see the railroad bridge."

It worked, he calmed down quite a bit thinking there was still a possibility of seeing the bridge. Off we went braving everything from typhoons and tidal waves to hurricanes on the high seas. We braved gale force winds in hopes of reaching the inhabitants on the far shore in time to warn them of the oncoming storm and save them from certain disaster.

From our vantage point on the far shore, the view of the railroad bridge and the work progressing on the other bridge was apparently satisfactory for, as we turned float with the current, talk turned to how fast we seemed to be going and "why don't you row so we can go

faster?" All in all, we seemed fairly content with our progress, still riding the ebbing tide at about 4 knots, and scudding before a gusting wind. Back the way we'd come, using the oars enough to keep us in the strongest tide, back past the sea monsters, past the ghosts of early shipbuilders, and back toward the drawbridge that threatened our trip at the onset.

Without saying much I steered into the bank just before the bridge abutment. We pulled the boat up on the mud and hopped from stone to stone till we got to the embankment. At the tip near the road was a small store. "You were pretty good in the boat today, I think we deserve a snack." This was agreeable, so we sat in the sun and ate hotdogs and hot cocoa while

looking out over Thomaston Harbor and Renaissance Yacht Builders who, earlier in the year, had completed a 90' sailing vessel completely different from the early schooners. Yet it wasn't a big stretch for the mind to envision the waterfront as it might have been in the heyday of the schooners.

The snack had the desired effect. After a voyage such as ours, fraught with danger and adventure equal to any of Sir Francis and the Golden Hind, the appetite is bound to be whetted a bit.

Besides, if you keep a young boy out till lunchtime and don't feed him, Mom's gonna let you know about it.

For sanity's sake we skipped Christmas cards last year. Ratchet back an extra year and we'll run the tape on fast forward; January boat show, April road trip to California, June launch of our project boat with much hullabaloo, October boat show, November/December trip to New Zealand, January boat show, May road trip to California, June launch of both boats in two locations, October boat show, December road trip to California. Did I mention that every second month we put out a ton of magazines?

Trips to visit Mom and my son Ryan in California are highlights and we'll go again soon, for Christmas this year. We always drive so we can explore this gorgeous country on the way out and back. I look for scenic highways and byways, fun museums, national parks and other places we haven't seen yet. Our trips to boat shows are road trips, too, with a truck full of magazines and furniture for our show booth. We likewise vary the scenery on our journeys to Annapolis in October and Chicago in January.

The launch of *Sunflower*, the projected two year project boat that, in fact, took 11 years from start to launch, was a highlight. We put on a weekend long celebration for members of the *Good Old Boat* crew and subscribers close enough to attend. *Sunflower* is a C&C Mega 30, a trailerable 30-footer that will expand our horizons. This spring she'll make her first long excursion with a trip to the Florida West Coast in late March and early April. We're still sailing *Mystic*, our Lake Superior boat, too. This summer we had both of them in the water in two different lakes in two different states. We won't make that mistake again!

Which brings us to last year's New Zealand trip. Definitely a highlight. We spent nearly a month there. We spent the first two weeks exploring North Island by rental car. Did we mention that the Kiwis drive on the left side of the road? We were terrified of the concept even before arriving and rightly so.

Fast Forward at *Good Old Boat*

By Karen Larson and Jerry Powlas
Founders & Editors

All the instincts regarding vehicular traffic you developed over the years won't help you here. We are pleased (and somewhat amazed) to say we returned our car to the rental agency without a scratch.

But we went there to sail and the sailing charter followed our tour by car. We sailed for ten days in the Bay of Islands on a 40' Beneteau. The Bay of Islands is practically at the top of New Zealand's North Island, in other words nearly as close to the equator as you can get in New Zealand. It was late spring there so every few degrees of latitude toward warmer weather were well appreciated. We experienced rain and some first class storms during the weeks we explored North Island by car, but were blessed with great weather once we were on the boat.

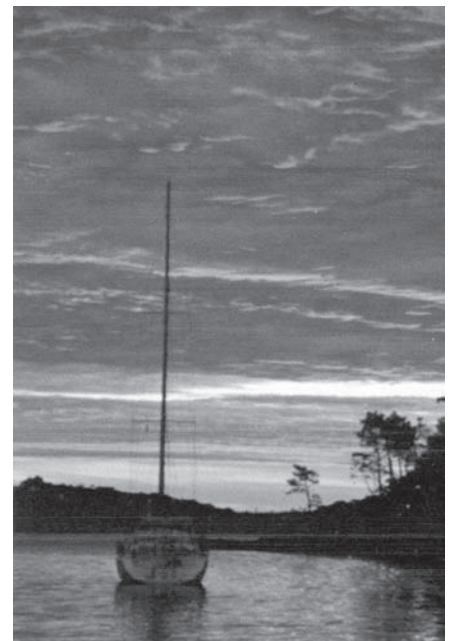
The time spent sailing was very relaxing. Except for the salt in the water and tides and currents, the Bay of Islands is similar to the Apostle Islands where we've cruised for more than 20 years. A sailboat is a sailboat once you understand what's where, both the systems below decks and the sails, rigging and anchor arrangements on deck. We immediately felt at home.



We were not alone bouncing off the walls on that great big 40-footer, by the way. This whole plan was first proposed two years previously by our accountant. "Accountant?" you say. Yep. Chuck and his wife Mavis, both of whom we did not know well, spent ten days and nights within 40' of us at all times and we all got on fabulously. The photo is of our Thanksgiving celebration last year in Kiwiland; Chuck, Mavis and Jerry. We enjoyed lamb, fresh oysters and much more. Someone asked, "Were they friends of yours?" I responded, "They are now."



We had to close with one New Zealand sunrise shot. One couldn't complete a voyage report without a sunrise or sunset...



Editor Comments: Any readers owning any of the good old '60s and '70s fiberglass sailboats who are not already aware of what *Good Old Boat* has to offer should send for a free copy at: <http://tinyurl.com/pxssdyf>.

Messing About in Boats, February 2016 – 13



Gray Fleets

The Naval Institute daily report had two reports that the Department of Navy sent to Congress that seemed a tad bit contradictory. The first report was on our carrier task groups that are in desperate need of overhaul and replacement to fill the required tasks established by Congress and the White House. The second report is on why traditional weapon systems and military thinking are outdated in view of laser weapons, hypervelocity projectiles and electronic rail guns. Am I the only one who sees these are contradictory?

Past columns have dealt with China's expansion in Southeast Asia, therefore it was no surprise when President Obama gave two older ships from our arsenal to the Philippines. Appearing on the deck of the frigate *BRP Gregorio del Pilar*, a former US ship, the President never mentioned China but stated that the relationship between the P.I. and the United States was "ironclad."

Earlier in the month Secretary of Defense Ash Carter rode on an American carrier through contested waters symbolically telling China that the United States will not sit by and watch them expand their geopolitical and economical control of the region. As previously mentioned, China has taken over isolated and uninhabited islands throughout Southeast Asia and claimed them as their own. They have also created manmade islands in shallows and on reefs in strategic areas within the normal transit zones virtually on the doorstep of Viet Nam and the outer Philippine Islands.

Russia has chilled relations with the US but not in the land of ice and snow. US Navy officials reported to Congress that Russia is opening its records on Arctic patrols in an attempt to assure North American countries that it has no intention of encroaching on other nations' territories. Russian submarines have always been active in the North Atlantic around Iceland, Greenland and the UK gap, however, the Navy reported that Russia showed their own undersea maps around the Arctic sea floor. Furthermore, the Russians have been rather straightforward in their intentions of focusing on the Arctic Ocean as a trade route and not as an element of aggression. Retired Coast Guard Commandant, Robert Papp, the US Special Representative for the Arctic, said, "We are quite amazed that they were so forthright and open in sharing hydrographic data with us and encouraging cooperation."

Russia continues to be in compliance with the Bering Strait maritime boundaries established in 1990. Possibly Putin and his own Navy are on different pages. Right now, the Russian fleet is very cooperative and friendly.

The Navy christened the *USS Milwaukee* (LCS-5) on October 27, and that by itself is not particularly interesting, but her trial runs were. Running around the heavily sailed waters off Door County, the *Milwaukee* created some fairly big waves in her trail, damaging some 40 small boats. That can't be too surprising since a released US Navy video shows her attaining speeds of 45 knots and cutting through some rough waters with ease. This is one fast little ship. A CNN site shows the video (<http://www.cnn.com/videos/us/2015/10/31/navy-combat-ship-uss-milwaukee-vstan-orig-cws.cnn/video/playlists/military-technology>).

The Brits Navy got caught in a blatant contradiction when they confirmed that the *HMS Ocean*, an amphibious assault ship,



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

is slated for scrapping in 2018 just after the ship completed a \$97.8 million upgrade and refit. Worse, the Ministry of Defense tossed out a quote that said, "*HMS Ocean* will not be decommissioned early and will continue service as planned." In other words, the UK Royal just spent \$97 million on a ship they were sending to the wreckers in two years. Needless to say, Parliament is furious and the Labour Party's Maria Eagle is leading the fight to find out just what the Ministry is up to.

The Ministry of Defense is trying to ignore the two year gap between the end of *HMS Ocean* and the launching of the *Queen Elizabeth*, which is a 70,000-ton aircraft carrier that the government maintains can also operate as an amphibious assault ship if necessary. The opposition finds this laughable and the press is throwing up some big questions about what the government states in "official reports" and what they do in reality. Politicians and government. Gee, a lot of folks' noses are growing.

The Swiss Army knife of US Navy operations was launched in early November when the General Dynamics NASSCO built Afloat Forward Staging Base (ASSB), the *USNS Lewis Puller* (MLP-3/AFSB), hit the water. This jack of all trades ship is designed for special forces operation, mine countermeasures and interfacing between military cargo ships and Navy Landing Craft Air Cushion Hovercraft (LCAC). The Marine Corps is jumping for joy because the Navy ordered two additional MLPs. *Lewis Puller* will be stationed in Alaska.

The most recent *Naval Institute Proceedings* is dedicated to Arctic concerns, not that the Navy is concerned about the declining polar icecaps, but rather that the geopolitical issues are tossing some jokers into the game. The Navy notes that the Arctic ice has melted at a rate of 13% per decade since 1970 and previously closed routes are now open. Worse, the Navy feels that within 15 years the Arctic sea lanes will be ice free and open for commercial and military passage. Already Canada and Russia have diplomatically battled over territory in the region.

The Navy has maintained that the US has not prepared for this kind of situation. We have only a couple of icebreakers when many more shall be required for commerce. Pull out your globe and look at it straight down. The distance between Asia and Europe is extraordinarily small when going via the Arctic. China to England is a hop, skip and a jump. Russia sees its Archangel port as suddenly very relevant and Finland is crying about losing Petsamo (an ice free Arctic port formerly in extreme northern Finland but taken by Russia after the Winter War of 1939). The Navy also posits that we have no fleet, no strategy, no plans, no plans to develop plans regarding the Arctic regions. America is notorious for its lack of proactive perspectives and chronic overreacting when a crisis hits. This one may come sooner than later.

Yachts

Halo, a 187' private yacht, was recently launched at an exclusive ceremony at the Kaag Shipyard and built by Feadship. It took three years to build this incredible luxury yacht. A virtual nautical work of art, it is the first ship designed by Bernard Paschard. *Halo* features a very sharp and severely cut bow and square ports that remind one of house windows. It is remarkable in its pulchritude (and probably its price tag).

Russian billionaire fugitive Sergey Polonsky beached his 98' luxury yacht, *Azimut*, on Koh Tang island in Cambodia. Exactly why he went aground is not understood and a multitude of officials are investigating. Polonsky is wanted in Russia and has a "Red Notice" (a warrant) from Interpol but Russia has no extradition agreement with Cambodia. Polonsky is in no hurry to have his yacht pulled off the beach. First off, the dock fee is free. Second, the small island has no resources to get the 100-ton boat off the sand. Thirdly, the view and the weather are wonderful.

Arcadia Yachts launched a new model of a long range yacht that is capable of carrying incredible loads. Although only 55' in length it is the design that strikes one first. Very reminiscent of the Prairie School of architecture best known for Frank Lloyd Wright houses, this boat has long overhangs on each deck and ultra modern looks. This is one very unusual boat especially compared to the elongated triangles of most yachts. Called the Sherpa, this boat is immediately recognizable.

Merchant Fleets

The Coast Guard closed a half mile section of Houston's channel when the tug *Annie Moon* and a 200' barge sank. The small harbor tug was a mere 25' long but the barge was carrying 60 slabs of steel 80' long and 2' wide. A small amount of fuel was leaked into the channel but rapid deployment of booms squelched any pollution. The waterway was closed to deep draft ships and all others were directed to a single direction.

Tri-Marine, an umbrella organization of tuna fishing companies, received a painful penalty of \$1.05 million for oil spills in American Samoa in 2014. Tri-Marine Management Co, Tri-Marine Fishing Management and Cape Mendocino Fishing were liable for the spill that occurred when *Vincent Gann* struck two anchored fishing vessels upon entering Pago Pago harbor. The tuna boat's bulbous bow was ruptured pouring oil into the water. The *Vincent Gann* was illegally storing oil in the bow, had illegal piping configurations and unlawfully storing extra fuel via unauthorized hoses over open fish holds.

The money goes into the Federal Oil Spill Liability Trust Fund managed by the National Pollution Fund Center. Assistant Attorney General John C. Cruden, working in the Justice Department's Environment and Natural Resource Division, believed that the penalty sent a significant message to the commercial fishing fleet about flaunting the law in order to enhance profits.

Accidents

Longshan Shipyard in China was the scene of a tragic accident when one of its huge cranes collapsed while repairing a ship. The crane operator died and one person is missing, however, two others sustained serious injuries which were not life threatening. The cause of the accident remains under investigation but people working at the yard

claimed the crane was overloaded. "Most of the cranes on site are pedestal mounted luffing jib models." That explains everything.

The boom of a small crawler crane crashed and killed seven men in the Bihar region of India. Not much was initially disclosed but evidently the crane was on a barge working on a bridge across the Ganges River. Contractor S P Singla Construction lost a barge full of sand and apparently the small crane was assisting in salvage when cables failed. Some observers claimed that the smaller crane was old, not in good working condition, and had been the center of many complaints.

White Fleets

A Charleston, South Carolina, woman fell from the 11th deck on the *Norwegian Pearl* about 22 miles off the coast of Cuba. The woman intentionally jumped one year after getting married on the same cruise. Cuban Coast Guard sent three boats and the US Coast Guard sent a cutter looking for her but were unsuccessful.

MSC Opera discovered that a 75 year old woman was missing while on a bucket list cruise off Italy. She had left three letters behind so this one looks like another expensive suicide. The day before the *MSC Opera* suicide Bernardo Elbaz, a screenwriter, director and producer who was living in Manhattan, was sailing with his husband on the *Oasis of the Seas* and planned to jump overboard. Weirdly, he and his significant other filmed the suicide on their cell phones. Evidently there had been an altercation between Elbaz and Eric Elbaz that led the former to run screaming onto the deck followed by ship security. Bernardo jumped and landed on a lifeboat two decks below but eventually slipped over the side. Broward County, Florida, officials asked why both individuals were filming the incident from start to finish but received no answers. Wisely they passed the buck to the FBI.

Cruises can be so much fun. In 2011 a young woman gave birth to a baby girl in her cabin aboard *Carnival Dream* that evidently was not on her agenda for the day. She wrapped the baby tightly in towels and hid it under her bed. She and her two cabin mates enjoyed the cruise for a couple of days before the baby was discovered. Shortly thereafter the child died aboard ship. The woman claimed she did not know she was pregnant.

After extensive FBI investigation the woman pled guilty in 2015 to manslaughter, admitting she knew she was pregnant but hid it from her friends and family. Cruise line rules mandate that no woman in late pregnancy can sail aboard ships. The Indiana woman received a \$250,000 fine and eight years in prison plus an extra five years' probation after her incarceration.

Ariel Marion was sailing on *Allure of the Seas* with her mother and went overboard off Port Everglades while just leaving for a seven day trip to the Bahamas. Although the captain was alerted that something or someone had gone over the side, he did nothing. Later security officials reviewed camera footage and surmised that someone indeed had joined Davy Jones' Locker. The case has only recently been closed. The press enjoyed tossing written salvos at the cruise company for ignoring the incident and not stopping.

A lady from Florida was on a cruise aboard the *Norwegian Pearl* and went to dinner with her husband. Supposedly the woman was incapable of cutting her own food so her

husband helped her, however, he had injured his arm on the cruise and was unable to accomplish the task. A waiter offered his services and cut up her steak. After the first bite she gagged, stood up and tried to pat herself on the back, all to no avail. She died.

Of course, the husband filed an immediate lawsuit claiming that the cruise line failed to give the Heimlich maneuver or provide CPR, however, the ship's doctor was on the scene within ten minutes. Hubby wants money claiming the staff was untrained to deal with such emergencies, he suffered significant personal grief and he must cope with loss of companionship. Do you want to bet the case is settled out of court?

Small Boats

Jerry Montgomery, noted boat designer and author, stated his long awaited Sage 15 is about to enter the market. His Sage 17 is supposed to be the sine qua non of small boats featuring a deck, roof, transom and cockpit made of carbon fiber making a lightweight small craft. The Sage 15 is about 15' on the waterline with a beam of 6'9" and with the board down has a draft of 3'. The keel and centerboard provide approximately 150lbs of ballast. Overall the weight is about 1,300lbs. The 22' mast weighs 35lbs so it can be raised singlehandedly. The cabin interior is similar to most small boats of this size; forward berth, hidden port-a-potty and no compression post. One wonders what the advantages are with a new construction 2' shorter.

Small Craft Advisor, a beloved magazine dedicated to small boaters, cites some interesting figures about people and water. Citing a government document from 2011, Paul Gualardo notes that 4 million Americans sail, 21 million swim regularly, 56 million fish, 2.5 million surf, 9 million snorkel, 7.5 million jet ski, 4.6 million water ski, 10 million canoe, 7 million kayak, 1.3 million windsurf and a whopping 88 million motorboat.

Scientists show that homo sapiens evolved from small single cell entities in the oceans. Eventually little fishes sought to develop lungs and their tiny fins became appendages for walking. Some mammals returned to the water (whales, dolphins, porpoises, manatees, etc). Modern homo sapiens simply want to play in it. Some can actually afford seaside homes and view the great sea, others of us have to boat. The call of the seas is hardwired into our brains, even if it means simply tossing a hook off a riverbank and hoping for a keeper. As a psychologist and historian, I find our watery urges are somewhat incomprehensible. I can't explain it but I know I have it. You do, too.

Environment

All sailors worth their salt recognize the importance of good, safe water. Scientists have spouted for years their concerns about the pollution in rivers, lakes and streams but politics and money have made those issues unimportant. A Clean Water Act was voted down in Congress in no small part because agricultural and chemical companies spent a fortune buying US senators. Iowa's two senators proudly voted against the bill.

Several Iowa cities are trying the courts in order to keep small communities and farmers from polluting the rivers from which the cities get their water. This has proven to be fruitless. We will continue to pour thousands of gallons of pesticides, insecticides and fertilizer into our waterways. The fact that the

result has been a record yield and a grain price the same as it was in 1965 seems to bother no one. Corn sits idly in bins by the millions of bushels awaiting a non existent market. But we shall plant from fencerow to fencerow again next year hoping for an even greater yield by using more chemicals.

Our own little Cedar Lake (popularly known as Cancer Lake) sits absolutely in the heart of Cedar Rapids. Once surrounded by factories and grain plants (Quaker Oats, Purina, etc), the lake was the dumping ground for lead, mercury, arsenic and a myriad of other lethal chemicals. Alliant Energy now owns the lake and would love to sell it to the city that has already developed a walking/biking trail completely around it. For decades fishing in Cancer Lake was prohibited by the DNR because of the levels of poison in the fish. Recently DNR spent oodles of money analyzing, checking and testing fish and water and declared that fishing is OK, sort of. Now the city has asked the state to analyze the bottom mud. For \$250,000 DNR can decide whether the lake is suitable for public use (canoeing, kayaking, swimming, etc). Several years ago it was declared unsafe but the drastic floods of 2008 may have scoured the bottom clean.

The point is simple. Big business cared not a farthing about pollution from 1875 onward. Now we are paying a huge price for their lack of concern. Worse, we have continued to abuse our waterways to this day. Cancer Lake is merely one example. Boaters will tell you about the need to wash their boats after a day on the Mississippi. Commercial fishermen will tell you about the Dead Zone at the mouth of the Big Muddy. Between chemicals and invasive species of aquatic life our rivers and streams are not getting better but continuing to fail. Unfortunately, Congress could care less.

While I am on the soapbox, I should mention that three nations continue to do significant whale hunting. Japan, Norway and Iceland continue to slaughter whales for fairly weak reasons. Alaska also allows whale hunting for indigenous tribes but their haul is minimal. The world can live long and prosper without whale hunting. The importance of whales to the overall health of the oceans is staggering.



They say you haven't lived until you experienced the full force of a guided fishing expedition in the great North Woods. The guide hands you a fully rigged fly rod, carefully rows in towards a slight riffle and skillfully nets your flashing lake trout. Later, back at camp, he expertly sautes it over an open fire while regaling all with tall tales and stories. Next morning, while you finish your morning coffee, your guide quickly breaks camp, stows it all in the slim, sleek little rowing boat and cheerfully rows to the next hidden camp spot on an adjacent lake. A short portage, or carry, is between lakes. You may be asked to carry your own pack, this being an outdoor adventure after all, while your trusty guide lifts the light little boat onto his shoulder yoke and hikes alongside, all the while identifying trees and telling stories about hunting the elusive whitetail deer.

The Adirondack Guide Boat is a beautiful, while thoroughly practical, evolution of a boat to fit the above scenario. It is long and lean, narrow for its length and burdensome while still remaining light enough to carry. Quite a combination, it was very specialized, even in its day. Today, rowing one immediately brings a smile to one's face. It glides effortlessly across the water, handles a lake chop with aplomb and is fast. And your favorite passenger gets luxury treatment, leaning back against the caned backrest, enjoying the view and occasionally correcting course with a long beaver tail paddle.

Traditionally, the guide boat was built around natural crooks of red spruce root with eastern white pine planks. The curve of the roots was selected to match the turn of the bilge and the clear, even grained pine boards were easily shaped by hand. Planks were skillfully overlapped $\frac{1}{4}$ " with winding bevels to make a watertight fit. As the boat evolved, the ribs and planks became thinner and both planks at the seams were beveled to make a very light, smooth skinned boat. Capable of carrying up to 1,000lbs pounds, by 1860 the boats weighed only about 80lbs.

Why the emphasis on light weight? The Adirondack dome has been likened to a high altitude swamp. There are thousands of lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and wetlands, all of which are interconnected, requiring carrying boats and gear over eskers, around rapids and over beaver dams to get to a lake. The longest stretch between Old Forge and Saranac Lake is 15 miles along Long Lake before getting to Raquette Falls. The average clear stretch is only four to five miles between carries along the 90 miles of waterway, including eight miles of carries.

Early boats, descended from river bateaux, were heavy and cumbersome. Birch-bark canoes, preferred by the Native American guides, tended to leak and required much maintenance. Some early photographs show Whitehall boats in fleets of guide boats, but were heavy to portage. Guide boats may have evolved into double enders but are European in construction, not native canoes. They are built up from a narrow, flat bottom. Frames are attached with self tapping wood screws, which became available in the 1840s and planks



<https://www.facebook.com/www.jgtsc.org>

Traditional Boat of the Month: The Adirondack Guide Boat

By Mr Cleat



Guide boat in water, photo courtesy of Woodward Boat Shop.

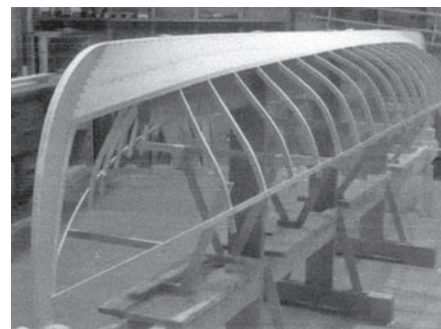
attached with machine cut clenched tacks, which became available in the 1870s. The bottom plank, only 8" center width tapers in an oval to 1" at each end. It has minimal rocker while the planking has substantial sheer, making a seaworthy craft that tracks well. The boat is very tippy when lightly loaded, but stiffens considerably when loaded.

Some early guide boats had small elevated transoms similar to a pilot gig, but served no purpose so most became double ended. The boats could be paddled, the guides hand carved and decorated the tops of their

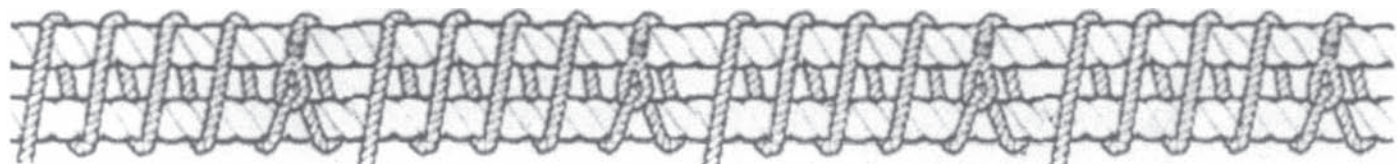
long handled paddles. Oars were made of maple for strength and pinned in oar locks so they could be quickly dropped to land a fish. The oars were, of necessity, short as no outriggers were used so to increase leverage the handles are overlapped inboard. Rowing them requires some practice but after banging your knuckles a few times you figure it out.

Want a new one? Guide boats are being built in the traditional manner at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake as well as in a handful of small boat shops like the Woodward Boat Shop in Saranac Lake. These are beautiful boats in red spruce frame, white pine or northern white cedar planking and black cherry trim. A more modern approach, if not quite so historically accurate, is equally gorgeous in strip plank over laminated spruce frames with cherry trim and maple oars. Steve Kaulback of Adirondack Guide boats in Vermont designed and built a fleet of cedar strip planked guide boats as well as replicas in fiberglass and Kevlar. Chris Woodward's website is guideboats.com while Steve Kaulback's designs are now available from Adirondack Guideboat at adirondack-guide-boat.com.

While the Great Camps no longer offer a fleet of guide boats manned by knowledgeable guides, the boats row on. A fleet of them compete the weekend after Labor Day every year in the 90 Mile Adirondack Classic race from Old Forge to Saranac Lake. I have rowed them in places as far flung as the Plankatank River in Virginia to Lake Natoma, a wide spot in the American River near Sacramento, California. The Adirondack Museum has the widest collection and sells plans, Hallie Bond's *Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks* provides historical information. Mystic Seaport has examples by Grant, Cole, Parsons and Blanchard guide boats in the Small Craft Hall as well as available plans. The Grant-built *Virginia*, 16'x3'6"x64lbs, was documented extensively by John Gardner in Kenneth and Helen Durant's *The Adirondack Guide Boat*. It is said that an experienced builder with patterns in hand could construct one in 200 to 250 hours.



Guide boat under construction at Adirondack Museum.



This is a book I heard about for many years and took the opportunity to purchase while at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake. What a great read! I parceled out chapters while reading at our summer lake camp, a perfect setting to transport back to a hundred plus years when boats were the main source of transportation through the North Woods.

I expected it to be mostly about my main interest, Adirondack guide boats, but found it a fascinating progression from birchbark canoes to outboards with stops for steamboats along the way. The Durant's *The Adirondack Guide Boat* would be a better choice for guide boat details but the exploded view of guide boat construction in Chapter 2 of the Hallie Bond book and the line drawings of Cole and Parsons guide boats in the Appendix were well worth the purchase.

Hallie Bond was at the Adirondack Museum from 1983 to 2012, first as Education Director and then as Curator. She is also well known as the initiator of the "No-Octane Regatta," an annual gathering in June of carry in people powered boats in beautiful downtown Blue Mountain Lake.

This book grew out of the permanent exhibit of the same name. The book starts off with an antique looking map of Adirondack waterways which is handy reference when various lakes are referred to in the text. After a foreword by the then Director Jacqueline Day and the requisite acknowledgements, including her husband, Mason Smith (see his creative Adirondack Goodboat design), an introduction by Phillip Terrie, author of *Forever Wild, a Cultural History of the Adirondacks*, introduces the twin threads of watershed and recreation, the yin and yang of development in the Adirondacks.

The chapters are as follows:

Chapter 1: Of Bark and Bateaux. This chapter starts with Samuel de Champlain joining the Algonquin Indians to go fight the Iroquois and in the process discovering a lake which would later be known by his name. This chapter includes a nice perspective drawing of an elm or birchbark canoe including a "closepin" to keep the sides together before sewing the bow. Throughout are period prints, paintings and photographs which capture the feeling of the times.

Chapter 2: The Lake Their Only Path. This chapter covers both the guide boat and river bateau, which was used for logging drives on the rivers. Included is a detailed perspective drawing of construction of a guide boat.

Chapter 3: The Way It Looks from the Stern Seat. This chapter takes you into the life of a guide, the first lodgings for sportsmen and introduces the idea of escape from the industrialized world. Included are early photographs by Seneca Ray Stoddard and a Davis engraving of jack lighting for deer.

Chapter 4: The Tourists Arrive. This chapter tells how the tourists arrived to "take in the scene which blended so many natural harmonies." By the 1880s steamboats were plentiful, including a 68-footer with double decks on Schroon Lake. Rushton makes his appearance, issuing his first catalog, a circular, in 1877 of "portable sporting boats and canoes."

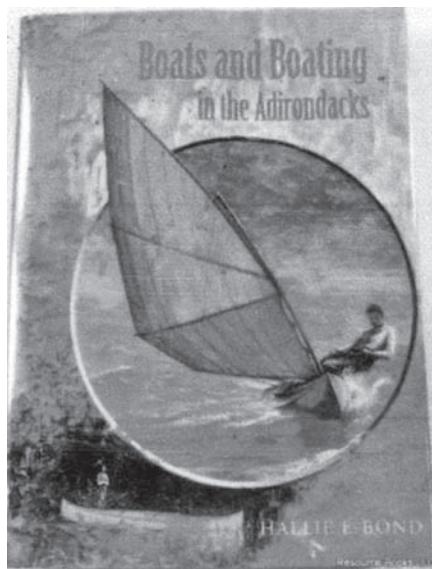
Chapter 5: The Feather Weight and the Backwoods. This chapter introduces Nessmuk, the outdoor writer who popularized "going it alone" in the wild who ordered a 17lb canoe from Rushton and cruised it 550

Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks

By Hallie E. Bond,
The Adirondack Museum/Syracuse
University Press, 1995, \$34.95.
Available from the Adirondack Museum or
Mystic Seaport Bookstore
234 Pages, 357 Illustrations,
Paperback Binding

Reviewed by Padeye

Reprinted from the JGTSCA Newsletter



miles the summer of 1880, writing up the trip for other "outers" in *Forest and Stream*. Rowing and paddling became the purpose rather than just a means of transportation. The detailed perspective drawing in this chapter is of a 14' Rushton lapstrake rowboat, a replica of which hangs in the Mystic Seaport Boathouse #3.

Chapter 6: The Knights of the Paddle. A new type of canoe enters, the decked sailing canoe, more yacht than the lightweight hunting canoes. The American Canoe Association was born at Lake George in 1880. They held races, handed out trophies and went on outings, picnics and week long travels. W.P. Stevens was there and became the canoeing editor of *Forest and Stream*. Women entered canoeing with their own races and encampments which soon became the centers of social activity.

Chapter 7: To Suit Every Taste. Summer visitors appear here as railroads and steamers increased access. In 1886 one could board an evening train in New York City and arrive in North Creek in time for breakfast, then ride by stagecoach to The Prospect House in Blue Mountain Lake in time for a late lunch. Sumptuous hotels proliferated. Clinton Crane designed a 32' one design sailboat, the "Idem" class, one of which is in the museum. St Lawrence River skiffs and Whitehalls began to be seen on Lake George. It was a golden age.

Chapter 8: Rag Boats in the Wilderness. The Panic of 1883 brought an end to the gilded age but a new canoe was catching everyman's fancy, the wood canvas canoe. Rushton considered them inferior to his solid wood lapstrake canoes but recreational paddlers appreciated the wood canvas canoe's

low price, stability, romantic aura and great dependability. Owners of canoes could send their canoes ahead by rail, others could rent them when they got there for a "free life in the open."

Chapter 9: The Triumph of Internal Combustion. In 1910 the *Doris* had her old boilers and "clumsy machinery" removed and a 45hp Fay and Bowen motor installed. Boats like the *Doris* provided access to hotels and private camps but also were an end unto themselves as they gave guided tours of their respective lakes. Faster and lighter engines were developed and hull shapes changed as speeds increased. This chapter has a very clear graphic explaining wave shape as hulls evolve from full displacement to full planing.

Chapter 10: Kickers and the Keen Edge of Enjoyment. As John Gardner observed, "You could stick a gasoline engine in any old tub. Such craft didn't have to be hydrodynamically perfect any more." The perfection of the outboard motor in the 1920s elevated the trend. Visitors would bring their own detachable rowboat motors from Ole Evinrude with encouragement from Bess Evinrude to, "Don't row! Throw your oars away."

Chapter 11: Hot-Rudders, Trailer-Sailers and the Wooden Boat Revival. In the 1950s, as the nation recovered from the Depression and World War II, pleasure boating picked up again and new construction methods fueled a boom in recreational boating. Bill Hoffman, chief tool engineer with Grumman, built an aluminum canoe half the weight of his old wood canvas model while the state Conservation Commission publicized their state owned canoe routes. My favorite photo in this chapter is John Gardner carefully taking off the lines of a Grant Guideboat which he later published in *Out-door Maine* in 1960. The book is supported by an extensive notes section, a catalog of boats in the Adirondack Museum Collection, many with photographs, a list of boat builders active in the North Country prior to 1975, an appendix of boat plans, paddling canoes, sailing canoes, a Rushton rowboat and the Idem one design sailboat, a glossary of boat building terms, a bibliography and an extensive index.

This book is bright and breezily written so will be an entertaining winter read as well as a future reference. It is a fine summary of the waves of boat design that washed over the Adirondacks from the 1820s on, as well as a window into the social history accompanying these interesting boats.

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The decks are cleared at our Avery Point Community Boathouse to commence a new build. *Nina* is upside down outside under a tarp, snugly awaiting the first snow. The latest rehabbed dory is out the door and on its way to its winter home at Mystic Shipyard East. That leaves a wide open space in the middle of the floor to scarf sheets of plywood for the new dory build. Captain Dan Nelson is leading the effort with Phil Behney assisting and Bill Armitage ordering the plywood. They are offering members the opportunity to place an order with their order and build a dory on their own. The panels can all be scarfed at one time with our jig and laid out with the templates while the floor space is still open. A dory requires 3½ sheets of plywood. Once this step is complete you can take home your pieces and complete a dory on your own. Anyone interested please contact Bill as soon as possible.

Home workshops are gearing up for the winter building season. Peter Vermilya is ready to start planking his Delaware Ducker. Carl Kaufman is erecting frames for his *Maude* and *Emeline*, an Atkin flat bottom motor skiff. George Spragg is dreaming of a

Around the Boat Shops

nice, stable double paddle canoe. And after warming up on the new club dory, Captain Dan Nelson is planning a CLC Southwester dory for both power and sail. Looks like a busy winter full of lots of sawdust.

At the Mystic Seaport Boathouse the Chaisson dory *Fly* has been freshly painted and is ready to move outdoors to the Boat Shed. The Whitehall *Sharon* and Riverside Yacht Club sailing dinghy *Fenwick* are already there but *Skye*, a Culler butthead skiff, and



Steve Tulka and Buck Lawton bottom painting *Helen Packer*.

Helen Packer, a Seaford skiff, are still inside receiving their seasonal putty and paint.

In the John Gardner Boat Shop the museum's Beetle Cats are being repaired, refinished and readied for next season. *Lisa* received a few new ribs and a repair to a rub rail which necessitated a new canvas deck. She just moved outside under a new canvas cover. *Elvira* moved in to receive her freshening up while *Lil' Babe* remains upside down, having her bottom refastened. It is stacking up to be a busy winter as we gather around the welcome warmth of the pot bellied stove.



Ed Rothman and Ted Stanton refastening *Lil' Babe's* planks.



Powers Lake Outings

By Ellie Czarnowski

Powers Lake in East Lyme, CT is a great spot to enjoy the fresh air and foliage and spend some quality time with one's own thoughts or with someone else. There are no houses on the lake, Yale has a summer camp at the southwest corner that is in operation from June through September. Mother and I and the dogs became regular rowers of Powers Lake in 2004, the year the JGTSCA boat club members helped me build the Chesapeake Light Craft Skerry, AKA *Ophelia*. We could be found there taking turns rowing the perimeter just about every fair Saturday and Sunday from May through October. One year some friends and I launched under a blue moon. In recent years I have been there in November on a warm sunny day.

Aside from a few Yale visitors taking out the kayaks and now SUPs and a couple of fishermen here and there you can have the lake to yourself. It is becoming more popular with the kayak crowd, but they are usually just 1 or 2 together. There is a large primitive boat launch with plenty of parking. It is a clean and quiet lake with an 8mph speed limit.

You will find osprey, kingfisher, a cormorant pair, eastern kingbird, great blue heron and this year we were kept company by a spotted sandpiper. I read there is an eagle nest out there, but I have never seen an eagle in all the time I've spent there.

Mom and Skerry before oar leathers and floor boards (2004).





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The Buffalo Maritime Center's *O.K. Clark*

Rebuild and Relaunch

Rewritten by Request from
Roger Allen, Editor, *The Chart Newsletter*,
Director of the Buffalo Maritime Center

By Greg Grundtisch

The exciting news from the Buffalo Maritime Center this past summer was the relaunching of the *O.K. Clark*, named after the late Ollie Clark, one of the most dedicated volunteers from the early days when the Center was working out of the shop at the campus of SUNY Buffalo. The *O.K. Clark* is a No Mans Land boat named after a small island (No Mans Land) to the west of Martha's Vineyard. These were originally work boats built for fishing and other related work. This boat was built by Bernie Springsteel, a skillful amateur builder who donated it to the Buffalo Maritime Center many years ago. It had spent many of those years unused sitting on a trailer, then was launched for a season about seven years ago and then put back onto a trailer. The attempted relaunching of this boat several years ago was the genesis for the Newsletter article.

The *Clark* was built using the batten seam method rather than carvel or plank-on-frame as the original workboats were. This more "modern technique" allows the boat to be launched and retrieved from a trailer without the need for swelling the hull. This method was also used extensively in building those vintage mahogany runabouts we all take notice of at boat shows.

Serious problems developed with her seams and planks and she could not be made watertight after several attempts to make temporary repairs. Large checks were found below the waterline and, after finding more, she was thought not safe to sail and was pulled out and brought to the shop for a complete rebuild.

The past winter/spring of 2014 through 2015 the rebuild began. This being a non-traditionally built boat and not of any historical significance, it was decided that there was little need to rebuild with the traditional plank on frame method. She had been fortunate to have no rot in her at all and was fastened with bronze, all in very good condition. The decision was made to use current modern methods and add a "skin" to the exterior of the hull.

The process was pretty straightforward. The hull was emptied of any nonstructural elements and then rolled over. It was then aggressively ground free of any paint. All the seams were reefed to clear any remaining



paint, putty or seam compounds. A couple of lengths of planking were replaced because they'd been deformed from sitting on a trailer for so long. Gump wedges, long cedar strips ripped into a slight wedge shape, were cut, coated with epoxy and tapped into the now gaping seams to make the hull a near mono-coque structure.

All deadwood was sawn away following the rabbet from the stemhead right back to the sternpost. Hogging (drooping) that had developed in the original keel from the boat's long stay on a trailer was worked out with planes and some pushing. The hull itself was faired, first with planes and then with coarse sandpaper and long boards leaving a skin thickness of about 1/2" throughout with an additional 5/8" where the battens backed up the now solid seams.

The centerboard case, which caused enough leaks by itself to sink the boat on her last launching, was removed. The hull was coated with a straight epoxy mix followed by a thickened fairing mix to fill small gaps and voids in the old skin. Then thin veneers were added diagonally from the sheer to the rabbet, or top to bottom, using goop and Monel staples. This was then washed (to remove cured epoxy film blush) and faired and a second layer was added from front to back, stem to stern above the waterline to give the appearance of traditional planking. From the waterline to the rabbet, the veneers were laid diagonally to use up cutoffs and to give strength to the hull.

Considerable time was spent planing the old keel surface and raw edges of the new skin in preparation of the new hackmatack plank keel. Again the hull was washed, faired and finished sanded to get it ready for the layer of glass cloth that was applied, set in and then faired with thickened epoxy.

A cutwater was added and tied to the plank keel bedded in 3M5200 adhesive caulk. The new centerboard trunk was fitted into the bed logs, cut at a slight curve and also angled to follow the contour of the hull shape. The compound angles and curves made it difficult getting the trunk to properly fit to the bottom.

Once the case was installed, and after a final fairing of the new hull, the final finish-

ing included a lot of reassembling of the original furniture. The *O.K. Clark* appears now to float a little higher than before due to the new matrix, which does not soak up as much water, making her lighter than the original. The hull is now a solid 1" thick and near bullet proof after this careful rebuild led by Gary Kresser, assisted by Dick Wiesen, Mark McQuestion, Brian McGowan, Don, Paul Markwart, Jim Kolby and some BOCES students who added their fair share to the project. The *O.K. Clark* resides alongside the Museum's flagship *Scajaquada* at Canalside in season, displaying her original luster and charm.



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The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke, the Star Island Corporation and the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) High School Construction Trades Program have joined forces to restore six wooden rowboats, the first collaborative project for the newly launched pilot program between Piper Boatworks and Strawberry Banke Museum.

"When Island Manager and Director of Facilities Jack Farrell mentioned he needed to have his fleet of rowboats repaired over the winter, I knew immediately this would be the perfect project to kick off The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke's year while we are working to get the shop at the museum up and running," remarked Nate Piper, owner of Piper Boatworks and Director of The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke. "As an advisory board member of the Construction Trades Program at PHS, I knew that this project would be the perfect chance to expose the students to boat building and repair and to help foster a relationship between the school and Star Island."

The six wooden rowboats are part of the fleet of vessels owned by the Star Island Corporation, which owns and operates Star Island Family Conference and Retreat Center on Star Island in the Isles of Shoals. The fleet of rowboats are in need of a variety of repairs to their overall structures as well as refinishing work.

"When Nate told me about the new boatshop program at Strawberry Bank, I started thinking about all the small boat projects we have on Star Island that might be good candidates. When the rowboat project idea developed to include Dexter's program and the students at PHS, I knew we had a winner," said Jack Farrell, Island Manager and Director of Facilities. "I think there can be terrific benefits both for the individual organizations and for the greater community when we all work together on projects like this. To bring young people into the process makes it even better. I hope this project can be just the beginning."

The Star Island rowboat fleet will be repaired at Portsmouth High School as part of the Construction Trades Program's winter curriculum. The project will be overseen by Piper who will be working directly with Construction Trades Program Instructor Dexter Robblee and his students as they develop the project plan, complete the necessary repairs and refinish the exteriors. The boats will be returned to the Isles of Shoals and relaunched in Spring 2016.

"We are always looking for opportunities to develop our students' skills and provide

To Restore Rowboat Fleet



Rowboats aboard Star Island's *Utopia* leaving Isles of Shoals. Photo Credit: Caroline Piper



Rowboats arrive in Portsmouth the day before Thanksgiving and are unloaded by Nate Piper, Jack Farrell and volunteers at sunset. Photo credit: Caroline Piper

them real world experience that will prepare them for their careers after graduation. This collaborative project affords the students the opportunity to work directly with a customer and to focus on the process of practicing project management while utilizing their residential construction skills in a very innovative and fun venture," noted Dexter Robblee, Instructor of the Construction Trades Program at Portsmouth High School. "Many people are familiar with our program and the high quality Clipper Sheds the students produce. This partnership takes us a step further into new building and finishing techniques as well as tying into our region's maritime and construction heritage. Interestingly, many products in modern buildings, including stainless steel fasteners, specialty adhesives, composite materials and modular construction come directly from the maritime industry."

The first phase of The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke is primarily focused on the expansion of one of the existing buildings to accommodate a new workshop and

demonstration space. The Boatshop is currently halfway to its fundraising goal of \$20,000. Businesses or individuals interested in investing in The Boatshop's new facility on the grounds of Strawberry Banke Museum can contact the museum's development office at (603) 422-7551.

The second phase of The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke will focus on developing a series of programs on modern and historical maritime topics and skills and the creation of an onsite exhibit. Volunteers interested in assisting with maritime related exhibit set-up, on site demonstrations and construction of the new Boatshop building can contact Nate Piper at boatshop@strawberrybanke.org.

About The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke

Piper Boatworks of Rye, New Hampshire, has partnered with Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to launch a pilot project to create The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke. Located on the grounds of the historic museum, The Boatshop will provide expanded maritime history related exhibits and demonstrations as well as workshops and programs focused on maritime related topics and skills. For more information visit <http://www.piperboatworks.com/boatshop--strawberry-banke>.

About Star Island Corporation

Star Island is one of the nine Isles of Shoals located six miles off the coast of New Hampshire and Maine. Home to the historic Oceanic Hotel and a fishing village from the 1600s, a visit to Star Island is a step back in time. The 43 acre island is owned and operated by the nonprofit Star Island Corp. During the summer months Star Island welcomes families and individuals to explore Star's rugged beauty for a day or take part in weekly programs with a variety of themes such as spirituality, world affairs, ecology and the arts.

Star Island is an all inclusive vacation retreat where guests are encouraged to unplug and connect with each other and nature. Guests can reach Star Island out of Portsmouth aboard the *M/V Thomas Lighton* or from Rye with the *M/V Uncle Oscar*. Star Island also welcomes boating visitors from Gosport Harbor. Stop by the dock, call the hotel front desk at (603) 601-0832 or call the launch *Tom Dudley* on VHF Channel 9 for weekend service. Visit www.starisland.org to learn more.

About Construction Trades Program at Portsmouth High School

As part of Career and Technical Education (CTE), the mission of the Construction Trades Program is to ensure that every citizen of New Hampshire graduates from high school or college career ready. The Portsmouth High School Construction Trades Program builds and sells Clipper Sheds that are constructed to the finest standards possible and feature industry leading qualities, such as full pressure treated flooring and 3/4" PT floor sheathing, full 2"x4" wall framing and roofs done with 5/8" plywood and architectural shingles, features not found on sheds sold at the big box stores or other shed companies. We really mean it when we proudly declare that our projects are "Built with Clipper Pride!" For more information about ordering a Clipper Shed or partnering to create an innovative project, contact Dexter Robblee dobblee@portsmouth.k12.nh.us.

Group Photo: PHS Construction Trades Program students, Star Island's Jack Farrell (front) Instructor Dexter Robblee (second from right) and Nate Piper of The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke (far right).



At heart I am a minimalist, well, a minimalist who likes to be reasonably comfortable. But for me “comfort” is not just about featherbeds and hot showers. Convenience, light weight and general absence of hassle and complication are all part of what makes me “comfortable.” I started out as a sea kayaker in the 1980s. Back then I imagined I would always stick with simple boats I could pick up with one hand. But then I became entranced with harnessing the wind and built a sail rig for my folding kayak. Also, needing to set up a land camp on overnight trips became limiting. My boats started to get bigger and heavier and OBW I can’t lift as much with one hand as I used to anyway. So although I still paddle canoes, kayaks and SUPs, I now primarily take to the water in small sailing boats.

For the past few years at various SWS cruises I’ve noticed that I’m usually in the smallest boat present. Recent cruises have been either in a 16’ Wayfarer dinghy or my long but narrow Sea Pearl 21. I have never yet owned a boat with a permanent cabin.

At the risk of being marked as the lunatic fringe of the SWS, I am now in the process of fitting out an 11’ (10’10” actually) Mirror dinghy for overnight cruising. My interest in the Mirror goes back to the early 1990s when I bought my first book on the subject of small boat cruising, John Glasspool’s *Open Boat Cruising*. The book has a photo of “sleeping arrangements” in a Mirror and some encouraging words that the Mirror can be successfully cruised in, noting that, “space is too limited for other than basic gear, of course...” So the seed was planted in my minimalist heart. I’d seen a few Mirrors over the years, most or them pretty tired. Last year I saw one adver-

Looking at the Mirror

By Brian Forsyth
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*



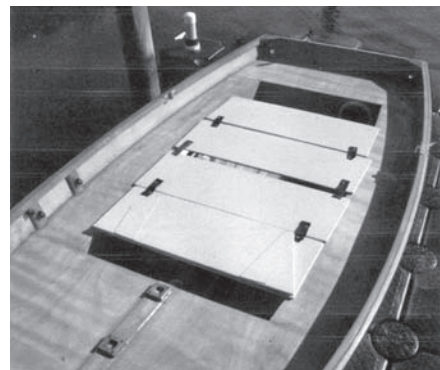
tised within acceptable boat looking distance and I ended up buying Mirror #68475 in Mystic, Connecticut.

The Mirror dinghy is one of the most prolific one design boats of all time, with over 70,000 sail numbers. I believe only the Laser and the Sunfish have been built in greater numbers, but these are production boats. Most Mirrors were assembled from kits by homebuilders using good quality 5mm marine plywood for the hulls, joined with fiberglass tape and polyester resin. My Mirror was built from a kit by a Connecticut boatbuilder in the mid 1980s. I’ve since refinished the entire boat and named her *Eleven* for three reasons: 1) for my wife, who is an “eleven,” 2) because the boat is (almost) eleven feet long and 3) for the immortal words of Nigel Tufnel from the movie *This is Spinal Tap*, “These go to eleven.”

Daysailing *Eleven* so far has been a joy. She sails well either solo or with two aboard although she will definitely be a solo cruiser. She is also relatively easy to handle on land. Her hull weighs less than 100 pounds and I can load her in the back of my pickup truck by myself. No trailer, just a dolly to move her between the truck and the water.

So back to those “sleeping arrangements.” It’s a work in progress and as yet untried. It will not be plush and it will not be bugproof. Right now I’m thinking of a tarp across the boom and some plywood boards across the footwell. In the photo it almost looks spacious but note that the mast, boom, gunter yard, rigging, sails, camping gear, etc need to be added.

From my Navy days in Japan I learned that in their culture the 3’x6’ area of a tatami mat was considered to be the space needed for two people to sit down, or one person to sleep in, or one craftsman to work in. I’m going to find out if that’s all I need to cruise in.



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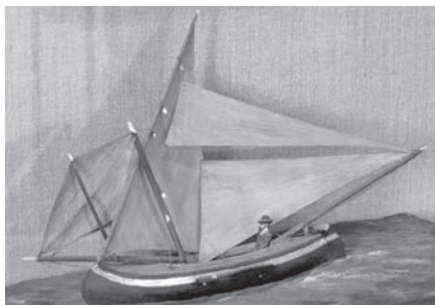
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Capt Dave Jackson came and got Gene's Windjammer. He changed the tires, greased it all up and made it all the way back to Charleston. Dave's a cool guy, tells stories with the best of them. I'm helping to hold the boat up.



Irwin Schuster took this picture at the New Bedford whaling museum of a Portuguese sailboat. He offers no explanation for the sail arrangement. It's just as fine looking a boat as John Eastman's steam launch, isn't it?



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



I needed to give *Helen Marie* her once a year fill up. I loaded up a bunch of wild Philadelphia people (Rosie and girlfriend) and Phil and headed out for the fuel dock and waterfront bar. Steve and Kayak Kathy weren't interested in a slow trip so they took his little 14' skiff and met us there. Kathy took this picture of the sunset the way it's supposed to be seen.



I was out with the dogs in *Helen Marie* and Steve and Lenna found me playing like a surfer. In calm water I can steer the boat by leaning it to one side or the other and it frees me from having to stay inside all the time. What could go wrong? I'm pretty sure that she thinks I'm completely nuts. The boat has non feedback steering so the rudder will not turn unless I turn the wheel.



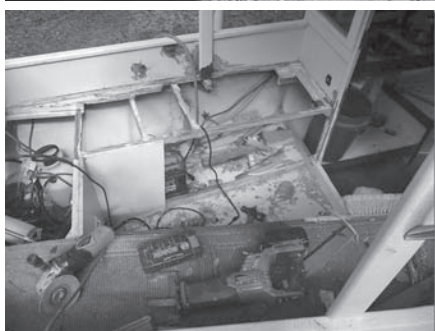
For all of you who want to get an old boat and fix it up let this be a lesson to you. Johnny Mack should have known better but any of us would have been fooled by this one. Nice looking boat, isn't it?



Look what was under the floor, 30 year old waterlogged foam and rotten wooden stringers. Closed cell foam is about 97% waterproof but after that long being constantly wet, that other 3% will catch up. This wasn't even the worst part he says, the wood inside of the aluminum transom was as bad as this stuff and to get to any of it he had to take the whole boat apart. He tells me that he's right at the point where selling it as clean scrap alum is looking pretty good.



John also warned me about some problems he was having with the new EPA mandated fuel vent system. It's basically a one way vent, it lets air in but not out 'til the pressure in the tank exceeds something like five pounds, makes for some funny looking tanks and problems. Howard had just put new fuel lines on his boat and this is what you get, as well as the new universal tank fitting. On the first trip out with this new system the motor stalled under a bridge in a strong current and got slammed into the pilings. The motor wouldn't restart till the cap was loosened and the pressure released. I can't say for sure that this new vent was the culprit, maybe the sea gods just wanted to screw with him for using bad language.



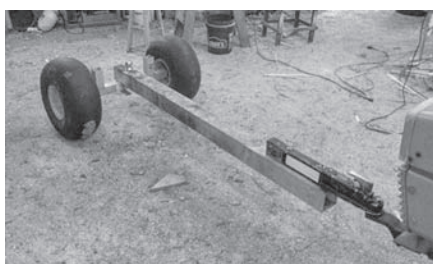
Rot got into *Helen Marie*, also. I'm good at glassing and sealing tops and bottoms but not worth a damn on edges. For some reason I think that paint is going to be good enough. How's that working out, dumb ass? Funny how it's a whole lot harder fixing it than it was building it in the first place. I ended up crawling around with every tool in the shop for this one. Johnny Mack and his "good deal" aluminum boat is still cussing about that.



Some of you know the funny looking white fuzzy faced guy, Gary Cull. The other funny looking dark fuzzy faced guy is his son, Brian and they're standing on the pointy back end of a hull of Brian's 40' Wharram catamaran. This doesn't strike me as a good place to steer a boat from, but what do I know.



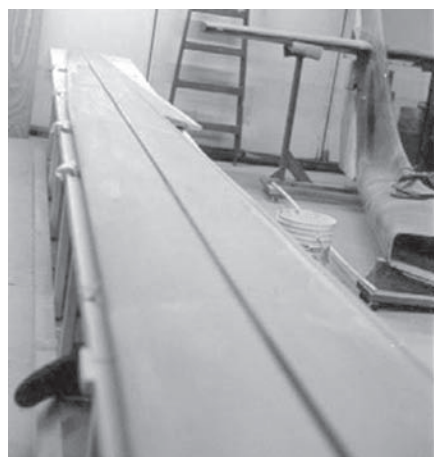
Here's the same boat with a trained monkey up the mast, actually I think it's Brian's boss up there. He's probably a brilliant and reasonable guy but he was with the Cull boys when I met him so he seemed as nutty as they are. I think the story is that Brian's going to quit his good job and sail off around the world or at least to the Bahamas.



We needed an extension for shallow water boat launching so Howard scrounged around and came up with this beauty. Not to be outdone, Crazy Steve donated his old Subaru to be our launch tractor. All it took was a little careful modification and some glue (PL Premium, of course) to come up with this rig. All wheel drive and a mirror that looks down onto the trailer hitch works great. I'm sure that this doesn't surprise any of you who keep up with our antics.




Richard up in Apollo Beach says that this is a Sneak Box, looks more like a gold mine mockup to practice in or a covered race track. The creeper is the only way he can get in underneath the deck to work. I think it's going to have a cabin and head and motor. I really have to see this one finished to have any idea of what he's thinking of or what it'll look like. I introduced Richard to Washington Dan up in AlmostCanada and they have become pen pals comparing the strange shit they come up with.



This is a Bolger Speakeasy. He's using some foam/glass components in the build. He's going to put the dogs up under that long front end.



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I finished with the modifications to *Lurlyne*, my fast commuter, and am happy with it. Pat Johnson was the inspiration for these box steps. She'll be in the water at the dock so she'll get used a lot, just like *Helen Marie*. I went out with the dogs this afternoon for a trial run to our favorite waterfront hangout, Woody's River Roo. This is about a three hour round trip in *Helen Marie*, we made it in less than an hour running at a comfortable speed in this boat. *Helen Marie* will still be the best easygoing river cruiser but I think I'll like being able to go a little faster.



A black and white photograph showing a man with glasses and curly hair, wearing a light-colored shirt, sitting in the driver's seat of a boat. He is looking out towards a large marine animal, possibly a whale, which is partially visible in the water. The boat is moving, as evidenced by the wake in the water. The background shows a distant shoreline with trees under a clear sky.

<http://planingaround.blogspot.com/>



It all started when I was envious of Dan Rogers' old van. I wanted a place to rack out without a lot of hassle so I could expand the range of my boating trips. Thinking I would like to give Moosehead Lake in Maine a go. I am also chomping at the bit to cruise Lake of the Ozarks, Kentucky Lake, Mobile Bay, Cape Coral, St John River and Oriental North Carolina. I would also like to retire closer to water and good boating so I need to go on some fact finding trips.

I blame 100% of it on Dan but here is the work I did on my truck. I had a bright idea to turn it into a primitive bare bones camper that would at least be a place to get out of the rain and mosquitoes. She's not done yet, but almost. I will need to fiberglass over the wood to give it a more finished appearance. That will have to wait until mid summer for everything to dry first.

I'm then going to insulate the cabin and give her a little window treatment. Then I'll toss in a bunk and wire up a fan and a light. In a pinch I am good to go right now. I do want to add a basket or box device over the truck cab to break the wind and give me a bit more storage.

Took her for a test drive and no, it did not fall apart or blow off. It looks funny but

Oh My... What Have I Done!

By Johnny Mack

I needed the rails under the sides to give her just a smidge more head room. It is still tight but it is a big improvement over stock. She is higher than she looks and stands out in a parking lot... ah er... except the parking lot at WalMart that is.

She will be even better looking with the *Blugeon* behind her in tow.

Total cost, \$44 for screws and wood. I got the cap for free on craigslist. Thinking it might have been used as a chicken coop, I hosed her out in good shape.

I am open for suggestions to adding an aerodynamic front end. Camouflaging the pressure treated aspect.

I'm planning on using pink foam board inside cut to fit inside the framework and taped over. What is lightweight and cheap that can cover that mess up!

PS. The picture with *Hildegard* is with the old cap that actually fit. While this isn't

really a boating topic, I thought you would get a kick out of the weird things that come into my head on a regular basis thanks to Dan Rogers and Dave Lucas.



The back door.



Rear side corner showing overhang treatment.

Progress... now for an aerodynamic front over the cab.



Starting point showing overhang.

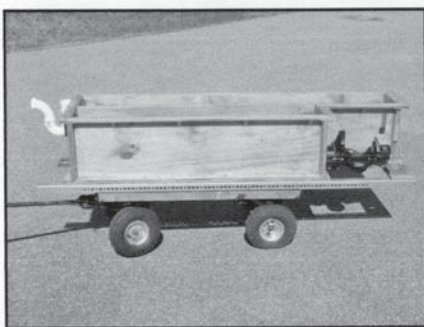
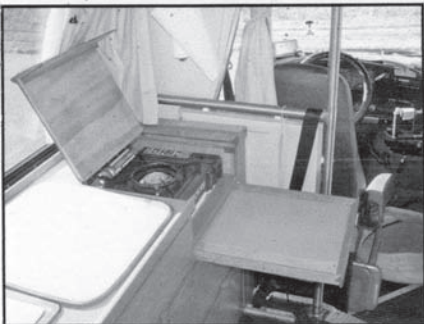
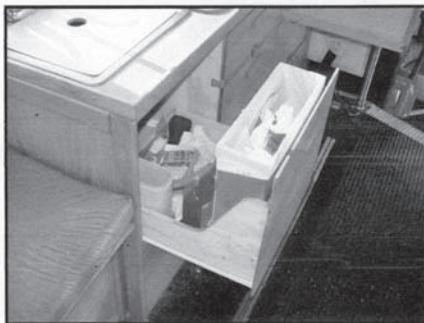
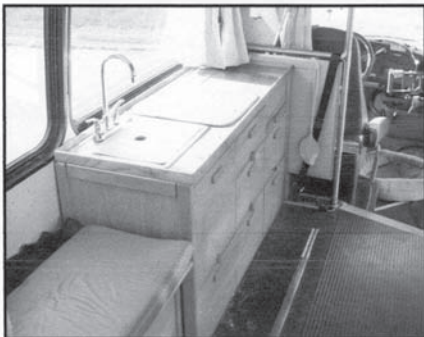
Before with original camper top that fit and "hi top" *Hildegard* behind.



Looking in from the back.

Harbormaster of the Future? On Anti Terrorist Patrol?





A Galley

By Syd Chipman

Wherein the Author pretends that he is still sailing.

The exigencies of life in our eighth decade force what's her name and me to do our boating on wheels. We bought a used shuttle bus with a wheelchair lift about five years ago, stripped out the bench seats and then slowly converted it into a motorhome. We still drag the sharpie *Cumulative Errors* to wooden boat shows occasionally but it hasn't been wet for several years. I named the bus *Problem Solved* and pretend that we're on the water.

Meanwhile, I've made furniture and utilities to give some, but not all, of the comforts and conveniences of home, including a compact built in galley. Gloss varnished white oak is the motif of *Problem Solved's* interior (where it has one). I wanted a Formica top but local yards wanted \$80 for one slice. Since I'd be buying a sheet of veneered plywood anyway, everything exposed is oak.

The thinly padded icebox lid doubles as guest seating. Notice the seat belts lying along the wall. Good for about ten miles before passengers complain, so we're not bothered by visitors much.

The overall size is about 50" long and 20" wide with seven drawers. Covering the sink adds counter space. Like most horizontal surfaces, the top becomes cluttered quickly. A ledge (fiddle?) all around keeps the junk from falling off when we careen around curves. Notice that all corners are eased. Who needs sharp edges when you're stumbling around in tight spaces?

A 4gal plastic trash bag just coincidentally fits the purpose made trash box that tucks in front of the sink. A \$20 one burner butane stove hides under the top. The hinged cover adds counter space and, when open, helps keep the curtain out of the fire. A pull out shelf adds counter space, too.

Successfully building a plywood and epoxy boat that keeps water out led me to think that I could make plywood and epoxy tanks that keep water in. The picture shows the waste holding tank assembly (divided into 16 gallons (black) and 24 gallons (grey) before it was installed. A similar 30gal tank provides fresh water. The shower pan in the head is also plywood and epoxy.

A 6gal marine water heater derives its energy from the engine's coolant or from a 120volt electric supply when available. Radiator water is hot, 200°F and up. We must be careful to avoid scalding. Perhaps I'll add a thermostatic mixing valve at the shower next week.

All tanks hang beside the chassis below the bus floor. Water is heavy. I've learned from reading RV forums that factory tanks fall out occasionally on rough roads. I'm confident that these won't.

Epilogue

What's her name and I just returned from 26 days along the St Lawrence Seaway from Niagara Falls to Quebec City aboard *Problem Solved* without killing each other. Visited the Maritime Museum in Buffalo and the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York. Watched a granddaughter graduate from college. Found "crumbling infrastructure" on highways in Pennsylvania, New

York and Quebec Province. Took a tour boat among some of the Thousand Islands and crossed Lake Champlain by ferry. New York State Police boarded us three times looking for the two desperados that escaped the penitentiary. Saw the tall ships *Sultana* and *L'Hermione*. All in all a great adventure.

Other Galleys

By Brian Forsyth

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

The variety of galley setups I've seen used by SWSers is fascinating and instructive. Here is a brief photo essay on some galleys seen on the 2015 Fall Cruise.

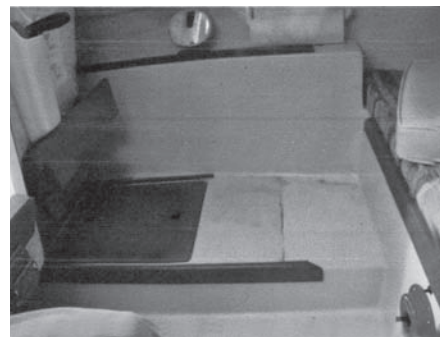
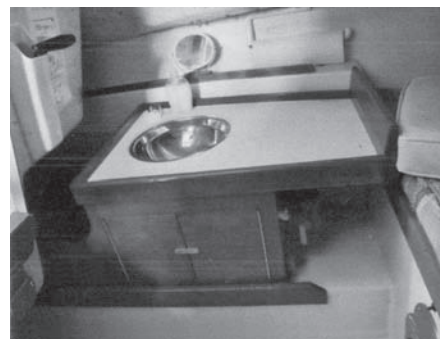
Dave Lewis' and Marcia Greenburg's "Super Cool" galley in a Hunter 260

The standard Hunter 260 galley uses an off the shelf portable cooler and a non gimbaled stove. They have upgraded theirs with a 12v heavily insulated refrigerator/freezer that will keep ice cream cold and a gimbaled gas cooker for cooking underway or in a choppy anchorage. Their cooker setup also frees up counter space for meat prep.



Dave Lewis' and Marcia Greenburg's "Now You See It, Now You-Don't" galley in a Montgomery 17

This very slick galley unit with pump water and draining sink slides on rails out of the way when not in use. A couple of cushions turn the space into a comfy place to sit.



Brent and Lois Sparks' "Easy Bake" galley in a modified Princess 26 Sharpie

This neat setup includes a sink with a drain and water supplied by foot pump, a two burner gas stove and an oven for baking. Brent and Lois are also apiarists. Would you like some fresh honey with those biscuits?



The author's "Backpacking on a Boat" galley in a Sea Pearl 21 (or any other boat I may be in)

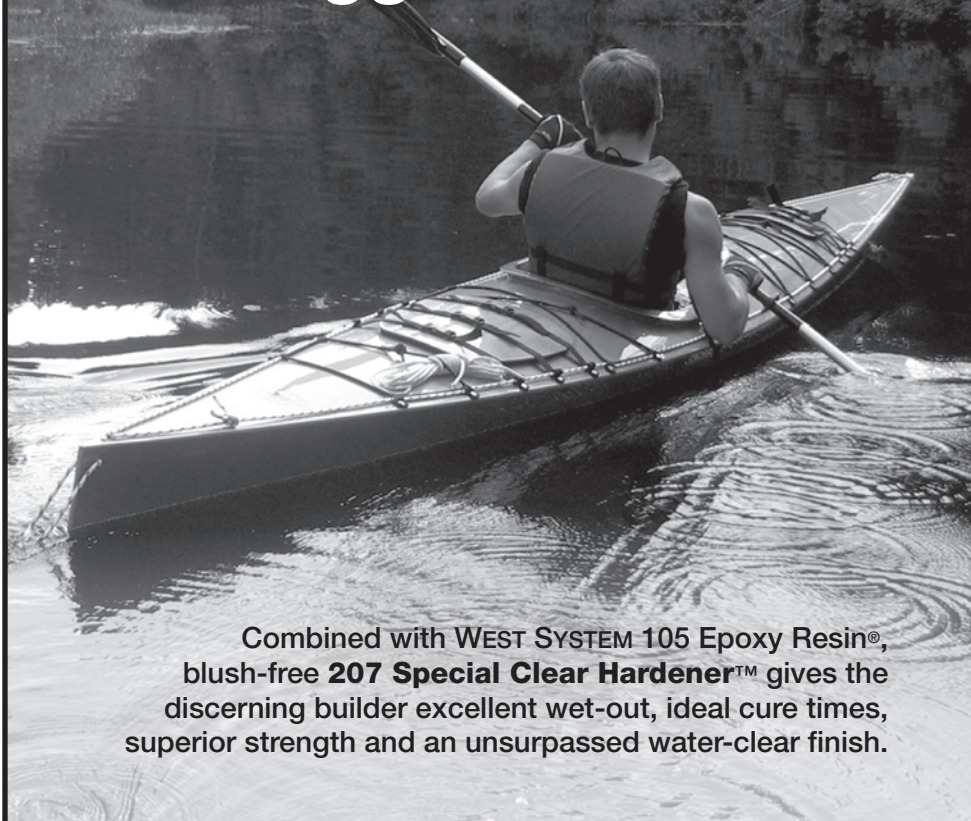
My galley is a plastic washbasin that holds my stove, pots, pans, plates, kettle, china tea mug, utensils, my food for a weekend and cleanup supplies. My stove breaks down and fits into a Tupperware container, except for the iso butane gas cartridge that I

keep in the cockpit. The stove was designed for use by "big wall" mountain climbers who hang it from a carabiner while bivouacking on a portaledge (a use I will never put it to). It also makes a perfect stove for a light small boat that moves a lot as the crew shifts their weight around.

In good weather I hang it from the mizzen boom of the Sea Pearl. If it's raining I cook inside the canvas tent, hanging the stove from a tent support bow. The fire extinguisher is close by, just in case.



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Toolbox for a Boat

By Norm Wolfe

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Broad reach, two reefs, newly glued up boom, failed. Fortunately, the broad reach allowed us to reach our destination without tacking. We cut down a small tree and made a new boom with borrowed tools, but the experience started me thinking about how to carry some tools along in the boat, just in case.

The boat is *Paider*, a Michalak designed 24' boat for four rowers with a sailing rig, two leeboards, kick up rudder. Perfect for shallow water sailing. Where to put a toolbox? The center well is tall and narrow, perfect for cases of beer in cans or perhaps a toolbox.

I planned and built the toolbox in my basement shop in the US, bringing paper tracings of the tools I left in Estonia, to see what I could fit. Here are the results:

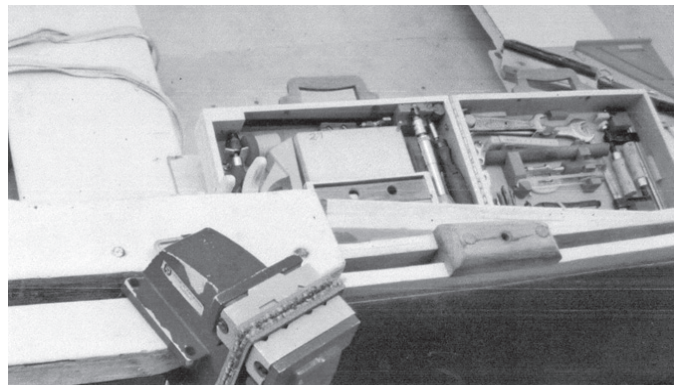


The top tray nestles over the right side. Under and beside the saw are a pen, scribe and razor blades. The two pieces below the left end of saw are 90° and 80° angles, the latter is the angle of *Raider's* side.

The left hand tray has three drawers. The top one is covering an epoxy kit. The three drawers fit into slots in a white frame just peeking out under them. The top drawer contains little bottles of T-9 oil, LocTite, screw grabber, etc. In the center drawer is a pencil sharpener and pencils, eraser and folding knife. In the bottom drawer is an angle

driver, pick and a church key (apparently a new term in both Finland and Estonia). The item beside the drill at left is a Surform rasp. The driver on the right side also holds Sawzall blades. Next to it is a spiral hex bit driver with a collection of bits in the handle and also under it.

The night tray is pretty well shown. On the left side is a small flat wrecking bar nestled against the side of the box. The drill index, lower left, has both metric and fractional bits with the metric equivalent noted for the fractional bits. The three horizontal items in the center are a four sided rasp/file, a 1/4" chisel, and a small plastic sliding T-bevel. Two bar clamps are on the right. The two wrenches at the top are both 24mm to fit the bolts and nuts for both the leeboards and the rudder.



When needed I use the leeboard guard as a workbench. I do not usually carry a vise while underway using, instead, two clamps if needed.

When the toolbox is closed there is a fractional/metric conversion table on the end and an angle guide on the top.

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Chapter 5.0

Attack of the killer Yeahbtzzzz. There's nothing like a little progress to slow things up. I've been in the process of rounding up the "structural" phase of this Frankenbuild in hopes of moving on to one of the 3-Fs; furniture, fixtures and foo foo. I guess that makes four actually, but the Real Guys refer to the last two with a more respectful "gingerbread." And if I had a better vision of how this thing was supposed to proceed, I'd probably think of artsy cutsie little curves and swerves and well crafted joinery as well.

But it seems that every time I go out to the shop to judge progress, not much has happened since my last visit. Things were flying along. Then wham, stuff just stalled out. Maybe you know somebody like that.

I couldn't seem to reach a consensus on what to put on the cabin sides or how to make it stick, so I decided to move inside the cabin for a while. Surely inspiration would come calling. If I just sat quietly and looked helpless, surely a plan would emerge. And once again I'm reminded of that old saw, "Watch what you're asking for, you just might get it." And boy, oh boy, did I get inspiration. After maybe an hour of this intervention stuff I had more ideas than I could possibly use in ten Frankenbots and even worse, I managed to reject each and every idea as too hard, too much, too, well just too many moving pieces. So back to basics.

The first order for an overnighter kind of boat is having a place to sleep. Pretty simple as these things go. It needs to have shoulder room, be long enough, be out of the normal traffic patterns and ideally not require one to "do" anything except crawl in. And while a mattress on the floor could sort of work, I had bigger hopes for how this essential piece of furniture should look.

So I consulted the scrap plywood pile, dragged a bunch of tools into the boat and built a berth flat. This is a skinny boat and, for obvious reason, the designer/builder didn't even attempt to jam a V berth up under the foredeck. In fact, until a few weeks ago that portion of the boat has resembled the Roman catacombs, not too many gladiators or lions, just darkness and peeling paint and rotted plywood. Kind of a dank place to call home, I do admit.



Of course, somewhat recent developments have included removing a lot of the original structure and concocting a cabin over it, opening things up lot. At least the peeling paint and rotted wood were easier to see.

The Birthing of Miss Kathleen

By Dan Rogers



And then, finally, things were getting closed in and time for a little civilized comforts down below to begin sprouting. So I built a bed flat and then I was back to dealing with those killer yeahbutzzz. Those are the guys who always offer an objection. What to do? What to do?

My basic notion has been to put pine strips on the overhead, cedar ceilings on the hull sides, tigerwood staves on the cabin exterior below the belt line and some sort of really attractive veneer above. But like I was saying, nothing seemed to be happening between my visits to the shop. So I got to thinking about my early days in the Navy. Any Fleet Sailor will tell you, when you don't know what you should be doing, GO PAINT SOMETHING! So I grabbed several cans of similar color and gloss level, mixed 'em up.



And crawled into the catacombs and proceeded to slather EVERYTHING that I could reach.



I even pulled a few chunks of cedar out of the pile and turned it into gingerbread.



And threw a little paint that way, too.



I just wonder what comes next...

Chapter 5.1

Movin' on. After a brief flirtation with painting the whole shebang, I'm pretty close to being almost done with that aberration. I'm more or less happy to report the foundations and even overall plan for sheathing great sections of *Miss Kathleen* with residual chunks of once proud pine and cedar trees are coming together apace. However, the first attempt to insulate and prepare for wooden ceiling strips up forward became progressively unwieldy.



Sooner or later I'll learn that foam doesn't glue well to really anything. After all this elaborate shoring and bracing and fooling around with just foam sheets pressed into place, things got a bit less confused. I added faux ribs and a sheet of 1/4" plywood over and between smaller sections of foam. The thin strips should work out a lot better over the top of the ply.

Messing About in Boats, February 2016 – 29



This is maybe 25% of the exposed hull, and that's just the portion up in the forepeak. And not unusual to this sort of thing, the working conditions are not what the American Ergonomics Council would recommend for workers over the age of 18. A lot of crawling and elbow leaning while using sharp, heavy, noisy things with cords and batteries and blades and pointy things.

Then came a long, rather tedious process of slicing and dicing a stack of spaulted pine boards that have been stored away for a yet to be determined project. I dithered long and hard about whether this somewhat rustic material would look visually interesting or crude. Finally, I just decided to put some of it in, someplace, and then decide that I like it. A rather succinct method of deciding.



This stuff is naturally warped, split, full of knots and waness, and whatnot. I use it for making rustic furniture. So, the idea of getting usable 10' strips of 1-3/4"x1/4" with bull-nosed edges and smooth faces has always been a bit daunting.



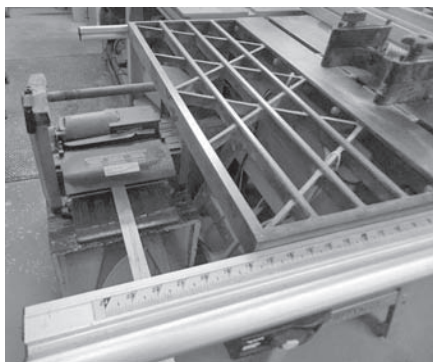
The basic process is to cut the boards on the flat to three strips. Then I take them to the router table with a four wing high dollar roundover bit with a 1/4" radius and top bearing set to allow double passes for each side of the work piece.



The bit is set just flush with the table insert. It normally takes several passes to get a uniform relief to each of the edges. Warps and twists and such have a lot to do with that. I find that a pilot pin just gets in the way as I am swinging a 10' arc around at both ends of each run. Yes, of course, I use plastic hold down pads with substantial handles and make a supreme effort to concentrate on where my fingers are at all times. Once rounded over on all four corners, the strips are returned to the table saw...



...and split on edge fairly often. I don't get the blade exactly square to the table and then need to run the machined side through the planer to get things to lie flat.



That poor little heavy planer has been set up all over the shop until it finally landed under the wing of the table saw. More or less out of the way, pretty much. My biggest problem is that I need to "calibrate" the planer run with the thinnest of the "keepers" to have any consistency in the final product. Yep. Quite a few castaways from this multi stage process. But on average I get a maximum of six usable strips from one nominal 1"x6" board, assuming a thin kerf blade and a steady push, etc.

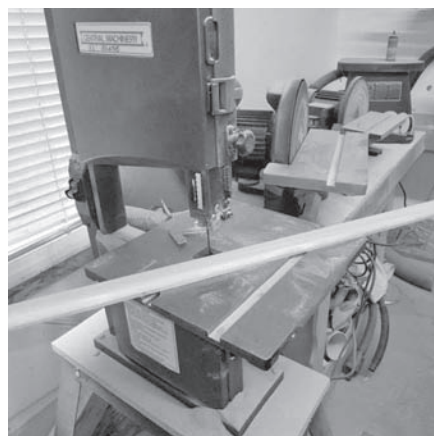
Then the process shifts to a sort of finishing mode. I have to sand each strip to compensate for all the indignities "rustic" stock is subjected to from time of felling through to the final load out in my shop. I use a number of different sanders, depending upon how much my hands hurt that particular day.



Anyhow, I stick with Bosch and only buy machines that have the best of vibration damping. Something called neuropathy drives this decision for the most part. #120 grit is about the best compromise for fixing divots and rerounding edges, etc. And then, for the pine, in order to get a more "aged" patina, I use a shellac with a yellow tint for the first finish coat. Normally this gets left for after the stuff is glued and tacked in place.



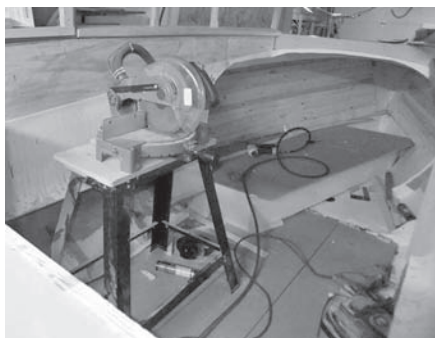
Just about all of these pine strips have to be fitted one at a time. A whole range of cutting and abrading devices come into play. I have a veteran HF band saw that is only on his second blade in six years' service for the tight radius cuts.



And, often as not, the ends get rounded over with one of the disc sanders, spindle sander or a collection of belt sanders. Two of my favorite tools came from the hock shop, a 6" Delta belt sander and a pretty big Delta band saw that I got for \$15 because "it was old."



But one of the warhorses of this little cottage manufacturing setup is the slide miter. I cut just tons of this stuff on it. But since each piece often needs to receive the old “half kerf” trimming treatment, sometimes even smaller cuts. I finally figured out that it would make sense to have a miter saw up in the boat as well. A little crowded but my knees like having it around to save climbing the ladder in and out each cut.



So anyway, after all that cutting and grinding and chipping I began to get something that begins to look like this.

The long slow process of figuring it out on the fly sometimes results in something worth keeping. So, time for me to get back to work...

Chapter 5.2

One step forward and two steps back, it's still someplace you might not have been recently. There I was, ready to move on to the next thing. Well, I only thought I was ready. Actually there was some already done stuff that needed to happen again. And, I admit it, I don't really like to cut old polyester boats up with a Sawzall even when it's for “their own good.” The powder gets into and on EVERYTHING. Even with reasonable precautions, that old song that goes, “You're gonna need an ocean of cal-o-mine lotion, she's gonna make you itch and scratch...” seems to always be playing in the background. Not my favorite part of Franken-building. Probably not yours either.

But if I'm going to have decent storage and places for “things and other stuff” to hide out of sight, there are some sections of the old sailboat liner that simply had to come out. So that's what the day shift got accomplished. Pretty much a mess. But like I was saying, it simply had to go. So.



Both port and starboard are now a lot bigger. There's almost 2' of once inaccessible space under each side deck.



The galley will set into the rather huge hole to starboard. The thunder mug and some sort of a settee or couch or even hide-a-bed will recess into the gaping chasm to port. The remaining sections are left to hold things up that need to be held up. And this was about as emotionally satisfying as a root canal gone badly. Necessary, but not the sort of thing that you want to write home about. So I tried something that I've only wondered about. Dunno if it qualifies as a real herringbone pattern, or not.



But I like it.

In fact, I think maybe the aft bulkhead just might sprout a bouquet like this one. But first I've gotta build a galley and a hide-a-bed. And, I have no idea what they are supposed to look like.

Chapter 5.3

Sometimes, when you don't quite know where you are headed, you just have to start with the first step. After a while a destination comes into view and, since you really didn't have a preference, the one you found just may be quite suitable. And so, the figuring it out phase for *Miss Kathleen* has reached a stopping point. A short pause anyway.

A couple days ago there was an initial smattering of wooden ceiling strips up forward and a couple of gaping holes in the sides of the gonna be cabin. Not so little things like an extra berth, a place to put the thunder mug, how big and where to put the galley and even whether to put in a conventional helm station were all up for grabs. So I invited Sam, the structural genius, over for a gam. Mostly I wanted him to tell me if he thought the coach-roof would probably not fall down. But the biggest topic became whether I could reasonably cut even more of the original fiberglass liner away. Well, Sam hadn't even cleared the driveway and I already had the ol' Sawzall out and loaded with a fresh blade.



And, as soon as things like knee room and nose room were pretty well figured out, poof, a convertible couch (still have to invent the back rest) and pilot berth morphed out of a sheet or two of 1/2" MDO. There's a place for the commode and a separate stowage cavern.



And, as a no extra cost option, the two berth flats follow the curve of the long skinny hull.



Then another chunk of expensive sheet goods got whacked up into strips and panels and stuff. Presto, a carcass for both the galley counter/sink cabinet and a hanging locker/general stowage.



There's much yet to do. But all in all, quite a lot is getting done.

This will all get covered with solid wood face frames, rail and stile doors, natural wood fiddles and so forth. Still to get figured out is how to mount the steering thingie. Maybe a whipstaff mounted to starboard. Maybe a wheel in a sort of helm station. Gotta wait to see what pops up. But while I was leaning on my shovel, I think I figured out the proportions for decorating the cabin exterior. Maybe something like this.

Something like this, anyway. Sometimes you just have to start walking. The destination will take care of itself.



Chapter 5.3 Addendum

I was probably supposed to be doing something else as I gazed out at the first real snow of the season and guessed that the 3-4" of white stuff would probably melt away before I could even get it plowed up.



A few sorts of objective notions popped into my distracted consciousness. This happens from time to time. I had already mocked up the basic contours for exterior foo foo appliques. The curve was actually just a pencil line that I drew on a piece of scrap plywood, cut out and smoothed up with the belt sander. Then all I had to do was extend the line from "about there to about here" and flip the trailing end over.



The hard part would be to get everything to fit while attempting to glue it up piecemeal in rather awkward locations. Soooooo, while I was debating the merits of firing up *Little Alice*, the plow tractor, for her first mission of the season, somebody from the Planning Department left this scrawled on a scrap of paper on the kitchen table. Next to my now cold coffee cup and still empty cereal bowl. I think it's about as close to a plan as we are allowed to have here at the Frankenwerk.

"BRIGHT IDEA: Put herringbone chevrons on upper cabin sides in tigerwood.



Experiment with flatter angles. Make jig to get end roundovers consistent (use backing board for router bearing). Mount on 1/4" AC and shape the edges with pattern before mounting.

TRY SAME IDEA FOR LOWER PANELS: Put strips (vertical grain hemlock) on with bend(s) forced into substrate. Trim edges as one big piece. Make mockups in doorskins until satisfied. Experiment with leaving one or more strips off to allow for screws to hold panel with liberal globs of glue. If done well, the division line from the two patterns should take care of itself. If not, then glue up fascia pieces in jigs made with patterns taken from actual edge cuts. Experiment with different ways of wedging the panels in place to hold glue tight.

'NUTHER BRIGHT IDEA: Put com-mode (regular marine head or porta pot) on small platform that swings like a pendulum around an axis/axle and rides on small casters to stow next to the forward berth and come away from head knockers for use."

So I guess the "short break" is over. Time to get some perfectly good hardwood turned into dust, noise and chunks.

Chapter 5.4

Seems like I just got the outside figured out and then it was time to put the inside together. Probably a good thing. I've been wanting to see how it might decide to turn out. And here at the Frankenwerke we don't go in for a whole lot of warning on that sort of thing. Anyhow, the pilot berth to port has ceilings now.



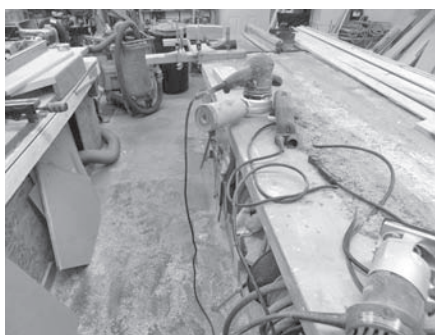
What's left of the old main bulkhead, to port, that once carried the strain of rigging loads is now all boxed in and foo foo'd as well.



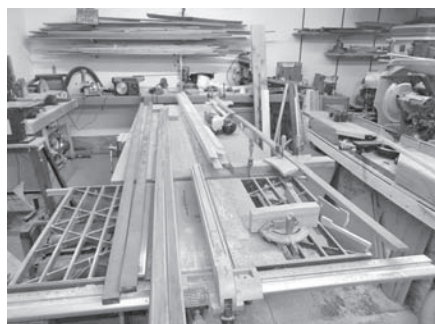
Then it was time to see what the cabinets might decide to look like. The counter tops are still at the lumber yard. Stuff like sinks and cook top are still to be found. But this assemblage extends about 8' along the starboard side. The blank spots between rail and stile framing will be filled in with more of the same pine strips used on the hull sides. And one of the decks is propped up near where it's planning to hang and swing.



I filled a couple of large cans with just the dust and chips taken from all the machining required to reduce some otherwise good boards into 1 3/4"x1/4" thick ceiling strips. Just the portion that escaped from the various dust collectors got about ankle deep at one point in the marathon effort.



Just so I could make several small piles of stuff that looks like this.



I'm thinking that it all doesn't look like such a much now that I've knocked off the night shift and cleaned up some of the rubble. But just about every one of those little sticks that are affixed to *Miss Kathleen's* innards required around half dozen trips up and down the ladder and an array of tools that becomes a bit surprising.

Another day or so and maybe we can start figuring out what the exterior is supposed to look like. Looking forward to seeing that.

Dave Lucas Interjects Here

"Where the hell do you get all this energy? I know how long it takes to do this shit and it's not possible unless you really do have a night crew. Or maybe you really are an engineering genius who can do magic with wood. Naah, that can't be it, I'm going with the night crew. We're the same age and I barely have the energy go get up and brush my teeth in the morning."

Chapter 5.5

I think one of the biggest problems with putting in two shifts and taking all the overtime The Boss will allow is that I miss a lot of time at my Regular Table down to the VFW hall. But when I do get down to The Hall, most of the guys want to know how I think I'm gonna blend this notion of a 100 year old commuter launch with the functional stuff of a pocket cruiser. And there's this one guy, an old Air Force vet, who keeps telling me that I need some graphics to set this little girl apart. And I tend to agree. His idea of graphic decoration probably has more to do with the sort of "literature" he used to tape up on his barracks wall. And once again, I do tend to agree on that salient point.

Anyhow, before putting the shop to bed at about zero one, I was fooling around with a sort of "tweedy" pattern that says "classic" to me. Well, classic, but probably nothing anybody else has tried either.



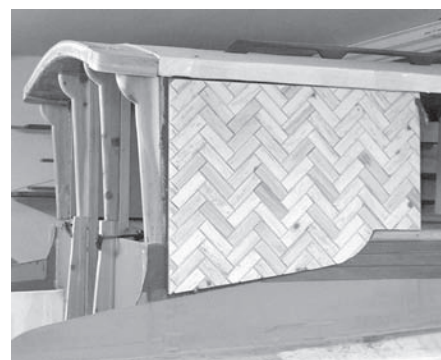
I discovered that if I cut some of the left-over ceiling strips into 5 1/4" bits, they are just about three times as long as they are wide. Allowing for the multiple things that pushing trees through a table saw and repetitively chunking off pieces in the sliding miter and bull nosing the edges with a hand held router and all that, I could make something outa wood that resembles a tweed pattern in fabric. "So what?" you say.

Well. I was simply gonna use contrast-plying plywood panels until I chickened out and

began to expect delamination, bubbles and such. But I did still have a few sticks of this really cool spalted pine and a guy just can't keep his shop floor swept up forever. I do figure to tint it with a special mix the nice lady makes up for me over to the seed and feed store, a combo of shellac and a pigment that gives pine that aged look. I'll have to paint on some Duck'pox and varnish it and all that outsideterior stuff. And I still gotta figure out how to make the curved wood trim that will separate the herringbone pattern from the horizontal tigerwood strips. It needs to cap the runout piece that masquerades as a cockpit coaming as well.



I think there's over a hundred little pieces glued to a 2'x3' piece of 1/2" MDO. And there's still another side to deal with.



I guess the upshot might be, "If you can't do really good work, then you should do really lots of it. Then throw it up against the wall. Something has just gotta stick..."

Chapter 5.6

OK, *Miss Kathleen* is officially a Ninety Day Wonder, perhaps more like the Phoenix rising from the ashes. In the course of just three months our crew here at Frankenwerke has turned a broken and long ignored hulk into something I think we can all be proud of. Other than interruptions to go sailing and motoring on a number of out of area cruises, to attend organized events and miscellaneous day hops, we've been involved with being caregivers during two post op periods of recovery that the boat's namesake, my wife Kate, has had to endure. But with those notable exceptions, work has progressed on nearly a daily basis.

Today has been marked on my Coots Calendar from the get go. The initial building schedule has been allowed pretty much free rein on the shop until today. Tomorrow is December. Tomorrow the shop will be turned over to the Elves. Tomorrow I'll begin to find holiday projects in various stages of creation lying about on the benches and sawhorses

and even the floor surrounding *Miss Kathleen*. That's pretty much our industry standard with the Frankenbot crowd. We have to shut down, officially, for most of the month of December with a couple of small "howevers." Sometimes, on past projects, one of the guys will sneak out there on his own time after the Elves have packed it in for the night and quietly get some more boat parts made up or stuck on or varnished. I expect that sort of volunteer activity to continue, but otherwise today is the day to get things caught up.

0500, time to get to work! Today, to mark the end of the Fall Building Season, we will put the bulk of the gingerbread on the cabin sides. Other than not really knowing how much, how far or how many, the process should be sort of straightforward. The cabin has, heretofore, suffered through several mockups and such.



When I realized that what was supposed to be a diamond shape really looked more like the background for Superman's "S," I scrapped that idea. There was the notion of an oval port. Not a bad notion.

KITTERY POINT TENDER



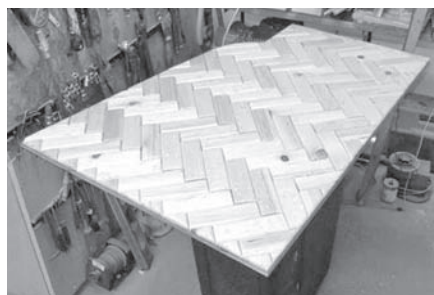
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But it probably looked more like a football. I tried arrow patterns in wood applique. Solid panels of various species. Even just paint, an instant nonstarter. But then I hit upon the herringbone idea. My buddy Dennis said it looked like an oriental straw mat and he's probably right.



Anyhow, once finished off with the "instant antique" goop the nice lady at the feed store mixes up for me, and a conventional UV inhibited urethane (satin), I decided to go ahead and mate those side badges with laboriously hewn tigerwood staves.

1800: Well, both sides are pretty much stuck on. There's edge trim to figure out and an endless list of things like sanding and varnishing to do. But this is the general idea that I've been striving for.



Two months ago I was just sort of visualizing these curves and slopes. The rounding of this cabin is rather pronounced.



And I did manage to get a couple of counter tops laminated up and finished off during the lunch break.



This sort of work is not only slow, but sort of frustrating. Knowing that the Real Guys will have better joints and closer cuts and stuff like that is sort of daunting but, also, the joy comes in equal parts. Just seeing how far it goes is a pretty big rush. And even bigger than that is the knowledge that most folks won't even for a moment bother themselves with studying the sander swirls or all the other little misses and oops.

Anyhow, this puts paid to the first major phase of the *Miss Kathleen* project. Much, much to go yet but, God, Motrin and Ace willing, we'll make our first cruise scheduled for March. I'd cross my fingers, but they are just too stiff.

And since those Elves report directly to me (after they get their orders directly from Kate, that is) I've a hunch there will more progress to report in the jolly old month of December. Stand by...

Session #1 September 25

Roger Andrews, John Fiske, Lawton Gaines, Will Graves, Steve Hulbert, Jeff Morrill and Ken Turner all turned out to strip the hull bare. The rail caps and outwales came off along with the stem bands and the keel, then the canvas came off in one large piece. It was surprising how well this original canvas stood up to 104 years of use. There were a few holes and some old patches but with a little duct tape this canoe could have been used for another season or two. Eight ribs were identified as needing replacement, four of them were removed. The tips of the inwales and the rail caps will need some repair work and it became apparent that the decks will need replacement.



Lawton Gaines and Steve Hulbert worked as a team removing the rail caps. (Jeff Morrill Photo)



Will Graves and Ken Turner getting into the demo work, removing the red rail caps. The red paint was bad enough, under that there was a coat of dark green enamel. (Jeff Morrill Photo)

Session #2 October 3

We milled, cut to length, tapered, rounded over and sanded eight new ribs and set them in a pool of water to soak for an hour or so. The volunteers were Lawton Gaines, Will Graves, Steve Hulbert, Larry Meyer, Jeff Morrill and Ken Turner.

While the ribs were soaking we turned our attention to the inwale tips and the stem tips, getting a start on the needed repairs. Jeff, Steve and Lawton did most of the work on the bow of the canoe, Ken, Larry and Will were busy at the other end gluing and clamping. I was setting up the stove and the steam box for the bending operation that was going to finish our day.

Earlier we had carefully marked on the outside of the hull where the eight new ribs were to be bent. We have found that by bending the replacement rib one space away from the rib being replaced, towards the end of the canoe, the new rib will be a very close fit. Each replacement rib was made 2" longer than needed and the center was marked so it could be lined up properly.

After an hour or more of soaking the ribs were stuffed into the hot steam box for 20 minutes before we started the bending. Sometimes a replacement rib cracks or snaps when bending, but that didn't happen today, all eight were bent and clamped in

The 2016 Kennebec Project Has Begun

By Steve Lapey
Reprinted from the *Norumbega Chapter*
WCHA Newsletter

place. With everything clamped it was time to close up shop and plan on coming back in two weeks to pull out the old ribs and nail in the new ones.



Milling the new ribs prior to steaming them. (Jeff Morrill Photo)



This fixture was used on the table saw to put the taper on each end of the new ribs, next the edges were rounded over on the router table with a 1/4" inch radius roundover bit. (Lawton Gaines Photo)



Ken Turner, Jeff Morrill, Larry Meyer, Steve Hulbert and Will Graves contemplating the bending of new ribs. (Lawton Gaines Photo)



The position for bending each new rib was marked with blue tape, each rib was cut in advance to its proper length. (Lawton Gaines Photo)



Will Graves, Steve Hulbert, Steve Lapey and Larry Meyer bend the new ribs over their pre-determined positions. (Lawton Gaines Photo)

Session #3 October 17

John Fiske, Lawton Gaines, Greg O'Brien and Roger Andrews helped wrestle eight replacement ribs into place and tack them in. At the previous session we had bent the ribs over the hull, locating the replacements one rib position closer to the end of the canoe. This turned out to be the correct spacing because every one of them slipped right in place at the desired spot requiring very little forcing to get them to lay flat against the planks.



Lawton, Roger and John installing a new rib. (Greg O'Brien Photo)



Lawton, Roger and Greg looking over the eight new ribs. Next comes the new planking. (Steve Lapey Photo)



Lawton, Roger and John installing a new rib



Roger and Steve starting the resaw process with a thin kerf on the top and bottom of the red cedar board. (Greg O'Brien Photo)

With the two kerfs in the board the cut is finished on the band saw. The kerfs act as blade guides and keep the blade from wandering off course while resawing. With a bigger and better band saw the table saw kerfs would not be necessary. (Greg O'Brien Photo)

Session #4 October 24

We had one volunteer, Larry Meyer, here to help replace another rib to make a total of nine new ones. As soon as the new rib was in place we started fitting and nailing some of the new planking. The western red cedar from Yankee Pine Lumber just down the road in Rowley, Massachusetts, is of the finest quality, clear with fine vertical grain, a very close match to the planking that the Kennebec folks used in 1911.

Session #5 November 7

A good crew was on hand. Roger Andrews, Bill Clements, John Fiske, Lawton Gaines, Steve Hulbert and Jeff Morrill all chipped in to cut and fit the many pieces of new planking and get it tacked in place. By midday the old Kennebec was starting to look like a canoe again.



Bill Clements, Jeff Morrill, Roger Andrews, Steve Hulbert, John Fiske and Lawton Gaines driving one tack. There is still some planking to be done along the sheer line that we usually save for later. (Steve Lapey Photo)

Session #6 November 14

Lawton Gaines, Steve Hodge and Steve Hulbert came to do some touch up work and do the hand sanding of the planking on the interior of the hull. The first item on the agenda was to replace another rib that had a crack that we had not noticed until the sanding began. The final tally is now at 11 new ribs. The rib was milled out, steamed, bent and installed in record time and then we got real busy sanding, starting with #80 grit, then #100 grit and finishing up with #150 grit sandpaper. In less time than expected the work was done and as near as we can tell it is time to get the inside varnished.



Lawton Gaines, Steve Hodge and Steve Hulbert after sanding the interior of the Kennebec. (Steve Lapey Photo)

Just as we were finishing up there was a knock at the door and there were Will and Marilyn Graves who had come to inspect the job. Will was unable to participate in the work due to a torn tendon in his right arm which has him sidelined for the next few months.



All smiles after passing inspection. Left to right, Will Graves with the arm brace, Steve Hodge, Steve Hulbert and Marilyn Graves. (Steve Lapey Photo)

News from the Beetle Boat Shop

By Michelle Buoniconito
www.beetlecat.com

Summer seemed to fly by quicker than normal this year. We no sooner got the last Beetle Cat out and the next day they were coming back in! Bill Womack once again headed down to Mystic Seaport for the Wooden Boat Show with his grandson Filippo by his side. Suzanne Leahy arrived on Saturday to help answer questions in regard to the building of custom wood spars and flagpoles. This is always a great venue for us with the Mystic Seaport Beetle Cats and *Breck Marshall* catboat sailing around as a backdrop to our display and numerous other wooden boats and traditional nautical items for everyone to admire.

August brought the Beetle Cat championships at Weekapaug Yacht Club, an idyllic spot for Beetle Cat sailing and a most enjoyable weekend. Thanks go out to everyone at Weekapaug for all their efforts in making it a well run and welcoming event!

September saw the arrival of an 18' Concordia Sloop, *Patience*, purchased from Mystic Seaport. Designed by Waldo Howland and Pete Culler and most likely built by Leo Telesmanick, Bill felt the historical connection would make an ideal winter restoration project for the shop.

Our Annual Open House took place on December 5 and featured numerous Beetle Cat sailboats in progress, an Onset Island Skiff, Willy Potts Rowing Skiff and the newest addition, the 18' Concordia Sloop.



New Beetle Cat, *Juli*, ready for delivery.

18' Concordia Sloop, *Patience*, arrives for restoration.



Back to the Whammel Boats

David Hall



Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
dinghycruising.org.uk

SUNDERLAND POINT IS A unique location. It is a village of thirty or so houses and farms at the end of a tidal causeway. The village is within 7 miles of both Lancaster and Morecambe, but has the attractions of more isolated locations and a landscape which intermingles salt marsh, beach, mud flats, farmland, residential dwellings, footpaths and roads, all at the side of an active waterway.

Last year Blackwell Sailing celebrated its 21st birthday and one of the special things we did was produce a recipe book with 21 recipes. This is, thanks to the hard work of two volunteers and some sponsorship from a few local businesses, a full colour, professionally produced thing,* which includes some good pictures, contributions from each of our regular sailing groups and (of course) photos of our beloved Whammel boats sailing on Windermere.

Responding to an article about it in the local paper Peter Gilchrist wrote a letter to the charity asking for two recipe books and finishing with a PS: 'Good to see the Whammel boats. I'm still keeping my grandfather's going – now 104 years old!'

Then I noticed that his address was Sunderland Point. I sent off the recipe books with a short note to say that I would be very interested to have a look at his boat. I also sent an extra recipe book with a request to pass it onto Alan and Cynthia Smith who also live there and have, on a few occasions, offered me very good hospitality.

And so it was that, after a little* more communication with Peter, I set off once more for Sunderland Point near the end of last season on an Autumn day that was better than forecast. Having not been for a while I was excited about it. Peter had hinted that I might be able to meet with Alan and perhaps Frances Bailiff if she was at home. To include one more person on the Lune Whammel theme, Tony Longworth was able to come along with me. DCA readers who do not already

know Tony will be interested to learn that he used to run Glenridding Sailing Centre and formed a good partnership with Bill Bailiff, the boat builder who set up Character Boats and began making GRP Whammels in the 1970s.

The timeless atmosphere there always amazes me – the birds, the smell of the mud, the old houses and the view out across the estuary.

The boats have a seagoing toughness about them; no covers, shiny varnish or extra fittings but nevertheless some well-kept and functional craft. Tony was able to identify some of Bill's earlier GRP versions of Whammels, Lune Pilots, and Lune Longboats but there are still a few good wooden ones too. We walked our way along the foreshore admiring the boats and then it was time to meet Peter.

Peter welcomed us warmly and suggested that we look at his boat first, while the sun was shining, then we could go inside for a coffee.



Peter Gilchrist with whammel and (below) holding the old iron bowsprit

He reassured me that Alan was around and had given him prior warning that we wanted to see him if possible. Peter said that he would be the best person to talk to about the fishing. I wanted to get a clearer idea of how the boats were used when they were working boats. Peter explained that his grandfather's boat had not been used for fishing but its construction was based on the lines of the working boats. The boat is well maintained and it has had to have some major restoration work done from time to time. In 2010 Peter re-launched the boat (having replaced the stem) at exactly the

same place as she was launched in 1910.

Peter sails the boat with no engine and with a reduced mainsail on a shorter mast to make it easier to manage on his own. The mast, spars and mainsail are kept on board and for practical reasons the sails are blue! Peter explained that it is the colour most resistant to damage from UV rays.

Not surprisingly the size and shape of this wooden boat are familiar to me. This is, literally, the mother of all Whammel boats because Peter lent it to Bill Bailiff to make the mould. What is not so familiar is the locker across the stern,



the much lower/smaller floorboards and the old iron bowsprit. There is also some moveable ballast in the form of a heavy weight with a ring on top.

Having shown us the boat Peter invited us into his house where we briefly met other family members and had some coffee in the dining room where he had spread a very interesting assortment of photographs, all relating to Whammel boats, out on the table.

These included some original prints of pictures I had first seen 20 years ago in Bill Bailiff's Character Boats brochure and some other pictures I had seen recently in the 2014 Sunderland Point calendar, which Peter had kindly sent to me before our visit. The picture of his grandfather's boat being launched can now be matched up with Peter's re-launch 100 years later. The collection of whammel memorabilia also included brochures from Glenridding Sailing Centre and on the way out we were shown an oil painting of the fishing fleet sailing in from the estuary.

We left Peter's house noticing that he had another (GRP) Whammel boat, which we discussed briefly and a few other boats besides.

Along towards the second terrace we met Frances, widow of Bill Bailiff and had a brief but enjoyable chat. Tony knows Frances but had not seen her for a long time. Peter then took us to Alan and Cynthia's house where he said farewell.

Alan also had a lot of photographs and in addition to some older ones from his father's time he has some very sharp colour pictures of his three brothers still fishing under sail in the 1970s. I think he said that these were originally slides (now on the computer) so the colours are very vivid. Alan explained that he did not wish to go into fishing but that his passion has always been to take photographs. With the pictures in front of us Alan explained a bit about how the fishing was done.

Each boat carried a whammel (drift) net 350 yards long! One end of the net is attached to a stick planted on the shore. The net is stretched across the river and one of the pictures shows an S shape



when the tide and current were running against each other. Presumably it can then catch the fish swimming both ways. They also carried a short club to kill the fish, called a priest. After our visit I asked what else had to be carried and Alan sent me the following information by email:

'Necessary items aboard a whammel boat, well we have "pegs" used for putting the oars between for rowing, usually made from greenheart. Also pegs were used on the stern, port and starboard, for taking a turn around to fasten the net whilst drifting. A "kepp" net which would be slang for a keep net, used for bringing a fish on board as the net with fish arrived at the stern of the boat. Otherwise if the fish was just held by its teeth there was a possibility of losing same when hauling aboard. "Fifty-sixers", these were weights weighing in at fifty-six pounds, each used for ballast so that you could shift them around as you liked, to trim the boat for either rowing or sailing. Four or five of these would be on board.

The shore end of the net would be attached to an "end stick" a piece of wood similar in circumference to a fencing post, approximately one metre high with a lead shroud on the bottom half to keep it upright when drifting downstream with the net. The net by the way would be 350 yards in length, not feet. A spare pair of oars were

always on board in case of loss or breakage.

The "priest" was always referred to as the "killer" tied through one of the timbers with a cord and around the end of the killer, no danger of going overboard. Personal items would be an "oil skin and sow-wester" in the earlier days that would be a homemade cotton jacket and rain hat treated possibly with linseed oil. My mother used to make them along with the traditional "gansey" the home knitted fisherman's jumper. All the nets by the way were knitted at home by my father in the sitting room. We as children would thread the needles with twine, hopefully tight enough so as the twine would not drop off in front of the needle or else we would have to thread again. The twine would come from Joseph Grundy in Bridport Dorset. It would be a natural fibre like hemp and so subject to going rotten if left wet all the time. The net would be brought out of the boat on Friday night with a "net barrow" used by two people and hung across three poles to dry. My job on a Saturday morning would be to clean it of seaweed, it would then go back aboard on Monday morning. No salmon fishing at weekends by law.'

Whilst looking at one of the older, calendar pictures that Peter had already shown us we had a conversation about it that led to a moment of realisation for Tony and me. The picture shows a man lowering the mainsail with the boat beam-on to the wind. We commented that perhaps he had misjudged it but Alan said no, they always lowered the sail that way: unhook the boom, swing the whole rig across the boat then lower the sail so the spars come down across the boat to rest on the gunwales. Of course it makes perfect sense! He was sailing

single-handed and had no engine and did not have to worry about coming alongside a jetty.

Further thoughts on the subject made me seriously question the way we were going about our sail drops – especially in an emergency situation.

At Blackwell Sailing we usually sail the boats with 5 or 6 people on board so lowering the sail quickly, without the spars falling on anyone's head, has always been a challenge. (Our method started with having to motor into the wind, which is not an easy task for the inexperienced or people with learning disabilities.)

The new/old method only needs one experienced person on board because once the boat is hove-to she will look after herself. The crew can be asked to shuffle toward the stern, then everything falls down in front, rather than on top, of them. Fantastic! Eureka! Let's do it!

At the start of the 2015 sailing season we practised the new sail drop method in rather challenging, variable wind conditions at our volunteer start-up sessions. The sideways-on method proved to work well, though we had to make sure we were hove-to on port tack so that the yard hangs behind, not in front of the mast. We then had to get used to picking up and moving the spars and sail inboard if intending to come back to the jetty. But once the sail is down any anxiety is past and the tidying up can be done whilst jib-sailing or motoring back. We have now had a whole season of using the newly-discovered technique and I really do think that it is much easier and safer as well. *DH*

* *Footnotes:* You can still buy a recipe book from Blackwell Sailing: 01539 445 333 – only £2.50. You can still hire Whammel boats at Glenridding Sailing Centre on Ullswater and it is never too late to sign up as a volunteer for Blackwell Sailing!

(Left, above and bottom) The 104 year-old whammel that once belonged to Peter Gilchrist's grandfather.

Shortly after this meeting, David was shocked to read in the Sunderland Point Community Association Newsletter the sad news that Peter had died suddenly in May this year.

"No gentleman could possibly be seen sailing a hard chine boat." (We are running a guest editorial this month from a passionate believer in the hard chine hull married to light displacement as the way to cut costs and gain efficiency in small auxiliary sailboat construction. We recognize the cost aspect so far as hard chine is concerned may be controversial. It is our hope that getting a real discussion of the subject will serve our cause, boats at less cost for more people. We feel sure, too, that we are on the threshold of a reexamination of such low cost hard chine types as the famous New Haven sharpie and, on a larger scale, the Chesapeake skipjack, a classic example of which, the *Bayou Maid*, appears last month and this month in *Boats* Design Section.—Ed.)

The prejudice against hard chine boats, despite the adoption of this design by many of the most important stock power craft builders, is vividly present in the minds of all the gentlemen of the old school we know. In fact, it is so importantly present that one man scornfully said, "No gentleman could possibly be seen sailing a hard chine boat." These lordly gentlemen have doubtless never heard of a Star boat.

If hard chine and its logical partner light displacement offend the fashion leaders of the yachting world, they have our sympathy. But their stubborn views must not and will not hold up the exciting opportunity for a reappraisal of this type of hull by young and brilliant designers seeking to solve the pocketbook problem of the prospective boat owner. Particularly when the main objection that comes from the "authorities" is that they are ugly! These same fountainheads of fashion also tell us that light displacement hulls are dangerous, cramped, uncomfortable.

The writer has only sailed in one light displacement boat. He thinks her beautiful. He thinks her beautiful because she sailed through a recorded 70kt storm at sea while the hulls of Nicholson, Stephens and other superb designers hove to or quit the race. This boat won it. She is 36' overall. She sleeps eight in comfort and carried nine on this race without suffering from the load. Her sail area is small and her maintenance basically low. We could go on to say that she is a joy to sail, she has moxi,

Is This Type Holding Up Design Progress?

An Editorial From a Long Ago
Boating Magazine

Submitted by George Haecker

more finishes for her starts in major races than any boat afloat and that the writer has found her motion at sea more comfortable than that of heavier boat, but at this point one doesn't expect to be believed. The name of this one is *Myth of Malham*.

For construction, chine is the answer. Again we cite one boat, *Zeevalk*, 38', overall winner of the 1951 Fastnet in England against the hottest imported competition. She has cruised all over Europe. Why is she so good? The chine happens to suit her. The long, easy waterlines of the Viking ship were perfectly adapted to the long strakes with which she was planked. In fact, those long strakes to some extent determined her shape. Sprung into position, they gave her lightness and strength. It took Europe about 900 years to equal the beauty, seaworthiness and speed the Norsemen achieved by exploiting their materials properly.

Myth of Malham is English. *Zeevalk* is Dutch. The idea has caught on among the racers in America, *Hoot Mon* for example. We venture to predict it will go much further. Not to speak impatiently, now that we know that the light displacement hull has been perfected and that the hard chine method of construction has been adapted with complete success to its hard, flat surfaces, we want to see more from this marriage. Much more. A simple idea breaks like a wave.

Today, let us face a fact squarely for once, most of us can't afford to buy a boat intricately built of scores of cunningly fitted planks and frames. What the pine tree was to the Viking the plywood sheet should be to us. It has enormous strength, particularly when sprung into its most effective shape, and does away with a multitude of fastenings, reinforcements and possible leaks. It's obvious that when you can

wall up the side of a boat in two pieces, already stronger and much lighter than the planked side will be when it is finished and you can do it with straight frames bolted together, you've saved a lot of money.

That, gentlemen, is what we're talking about.

...and a Comment from
an Interested Reader

A Suggestion for Your Consideration

Why not find or lay out a measured mile somewhere handy to your office, run stock boats over it now and then and publish the results? Some of your advertisers will hate you but they'll get over it and the whole boating industry can make a start toward eliminating this deadly habit of adding five to 15 miles to the speed. Right now we can either lie and have some owner who doesn't kid himself (a rare breed admittedly) bounce back at us, or tell the truth and lose the job because "the boat is too slow."

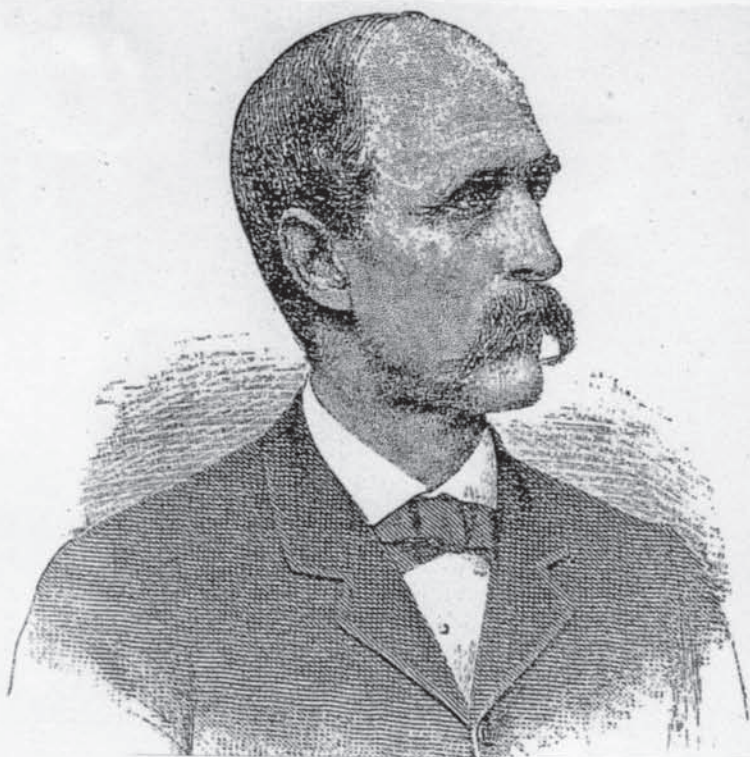
Some of the results will be scandalous, I know. The outcome might be more important than is apparent on the surface. It might, for instance, lead to lower powered and more easily driven hulls by showing how little speed is actually to be had in these too heavy monstrosities that are currently the rage. It will certainly lead to an incentive to better design, it being now only too easy to increase the advertised speed to keep up with competition without taking the trouble to increase the speed of the boat!

One or two of your advertisers, maybe the Huckins Corp, would probably make a special trip to New York to kiss you if you did this and so put them on an equal footing with the *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri* boys.

Philip C. Bolger, Gloucester, Massachusetts

Editor Replies: We are quite satisfied with the excellent measured miles that the US Army Engineers have laid out up and down the coast. However, for those who would like to rig their own tests in their own waters, we'll soon print a piece by Abel Brown showing how to gauge your boat's speed over such a course. As for false speed claims... Why Phil! Go wash your mouth out with anti fouling compound right away!





American Yachting in 1888 – Part 2

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

Chas. J. Paine

There is often, on the other hand, great unevenness in the merits of the yachts of some of our American designers.

As Mr. Burgess's yachts have generally been provided with the centerboard, let us see how nearly he has approximated his boats to the English, premising that it is not the hull which gives the classification to a yacht, as some in their ignorance suppose; it is the rig and that alone. The same hull may be rigged successively as a cutter, a yawl, or a schooner; or as a sloop, a yawl, or a schooner; or as a schooner, or a brig. Thus we see the *Priscilla*, one of the large sloops intended to compete with the *Genesta*, turned this year into a schooner. The famous sloop *Maria* was afterward rigged as a schooner. Fore-and-afters may also be changed into square-rigged vessels, and *vice versa*.

Mr. Burgess found the American centerboard sloop a craft of very light draft, and a length ranging from two and a half to three and a half beams. He has increased the draft until his latest large yacht, the

beautiful schooner, *Marguerite*, just launched, has a draft of eleven feet on a water line of eighty feet, although carrying a centerboard. To all intents and purposes he has made her a keel boat, and the centerboard in such a case can be of comparatively little use, except in nipping up into the wind in strong puffs. The famous *Sachem*, his previous schooner, has only eight feet draft, and that was considered a pretty good depth for a vessel of eighty-eight feet water line. He has also slightly reduced the beam even in his small yachts like the *Papoose*.

The distinctively American sloop has a perpendicular stern post, and only moderate overhang or short counter. He has given raking stern posts to his yachts, like the English, and, like them, added a long, tapering counter. This long counter is added by the way, not because it aids the speed, but in order to increase the deck room, and give better control of the immense boom; and this long overhang has now become all but universal with new American yachts, while many old ones have increased their short V stern. As regards looks, it is a matter of taste, and the tendency now is to extend this feature of our yachts to an extravagant degree. The beauty of some of the old V sterns, with rolling quarters, has in our opinion, never been equaled by later models. The influence of the Burgess models has been widely felt. Witness, for example, Mr. Maxwell's famous *Shamrock*, designed by her proprietor after recent styles.

The typical sloop had her mast set well forward, almost in the "eyes," and carried a large single jib. Mr. Burgess steps his mast very nearly amidships, and divides the jib into foresail and jib, like the English cutter, the jib being set flying and running on a traveler. In the *Volunteer* he has gone a step farther in imitation, and employs a reefing or movable bowsprit. By the position of the mast the balance of the canvas is changed, and the boom, therefore, extends a less distance over the taffrail than in a sloop. Owing to greater beam he is not

obliged to resort to the expedient of wide channels out board, as in the narrow English models, an obstacle which probably retards their speed in a heavy breeze, because the channel serves to catch the sea.

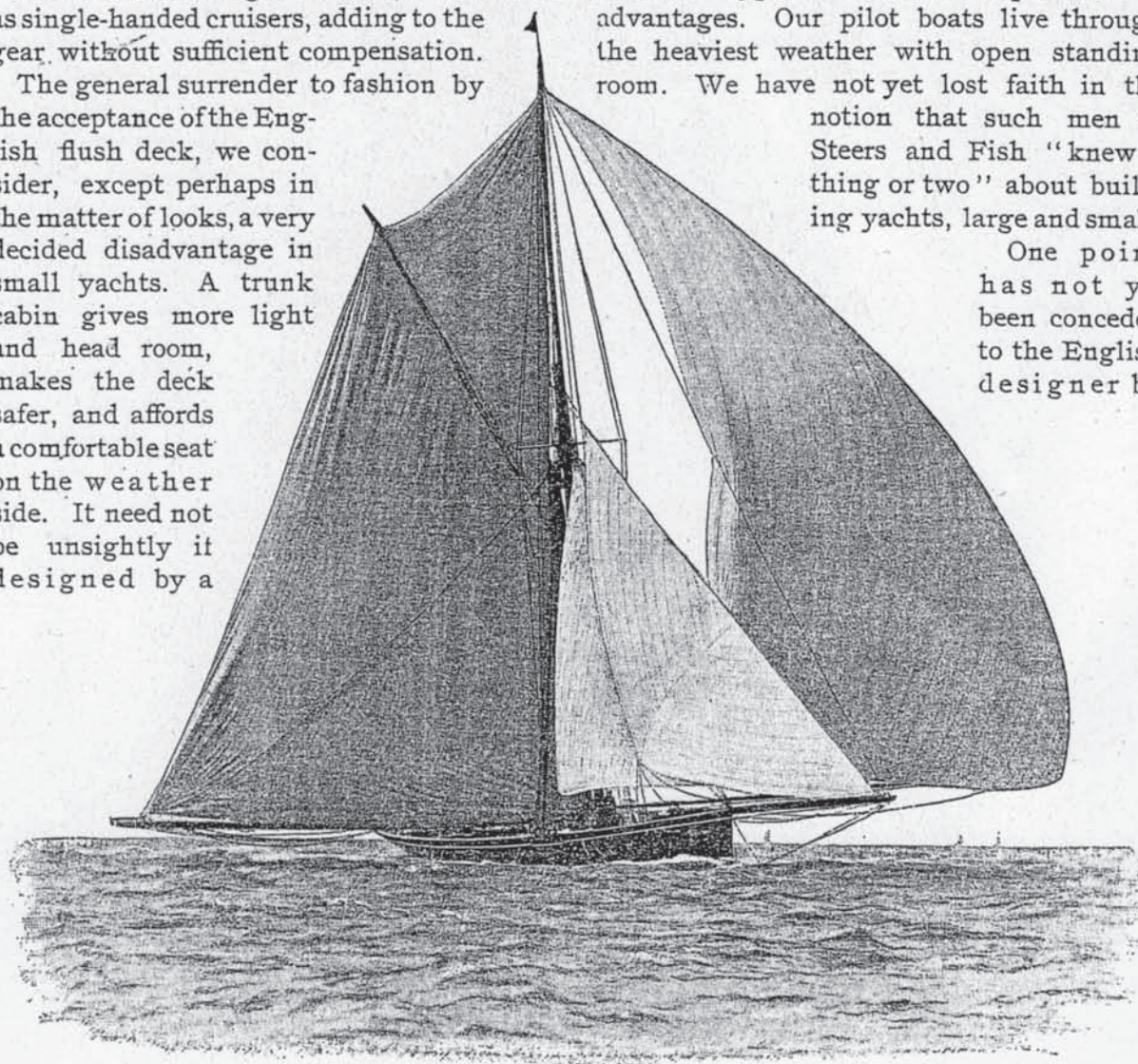
Mr. Burgess, together with some of our other yachtsmen, has also changed the single American toppinglift attached to the extreme end of the boom to the double toppinglifts of the English which extend only to the taffrail; and has added to the rigging the runner pen-nants or swifters and topmast backstays of the cutter. To most of these changes there is no objection; they have their advantages in the managing of the heavy spars of a large yacht; but we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that they make the Burgess compromise sloop very like an English cutter, just as the shortening of the foremast in our recent schooners makes them look very English. Some of these modifications are, however, positive disadvantages in small craft, such as single-handed cruisers, adding to the gear without sufficient compensation.

The general surrender to fashion by the acceptance of the English flush deck, we consider, except perhaps in the matter of looks, a very decided disadvantage in small yachts. A trunk cabin gives more light and head room, makes the deck safer, and affords a comfortable seat on the weather side. It need not be unsightly if designed by a

man of taste. The abolition of the cockpit or standing room is also a mistake. Lying on one's stomach in order to allow the main-boom to swing around or sitting flat on a wet deck, is a very awkward and unpleasant operation not to say absurd; when the predicament can be easily avoided by a convenient, moderately depressed standing room with comfortable seats. The danger alleged in such a convenience, namely, liability to fill in a heavy sea, is slight and of little account when the standing room is decked and provided with scuppers. A sea that would fill it would sweep every man off from a flush-decked boat. We consider this innovation purely the result of the fashion that has set in for copying everything British in yachts. By all means borrow ideas when they offer an improvement to those already in practice. But this one of flush decks in small yachts presents no advantages over the deck of the American type, but rather some positive disadvantages. Our pilot boats live through the heaviest weather with open standing room. We have not yet lost faith in the

notion that such men as Steers and Fish "knew a thing or two" about building yachts, large and small.

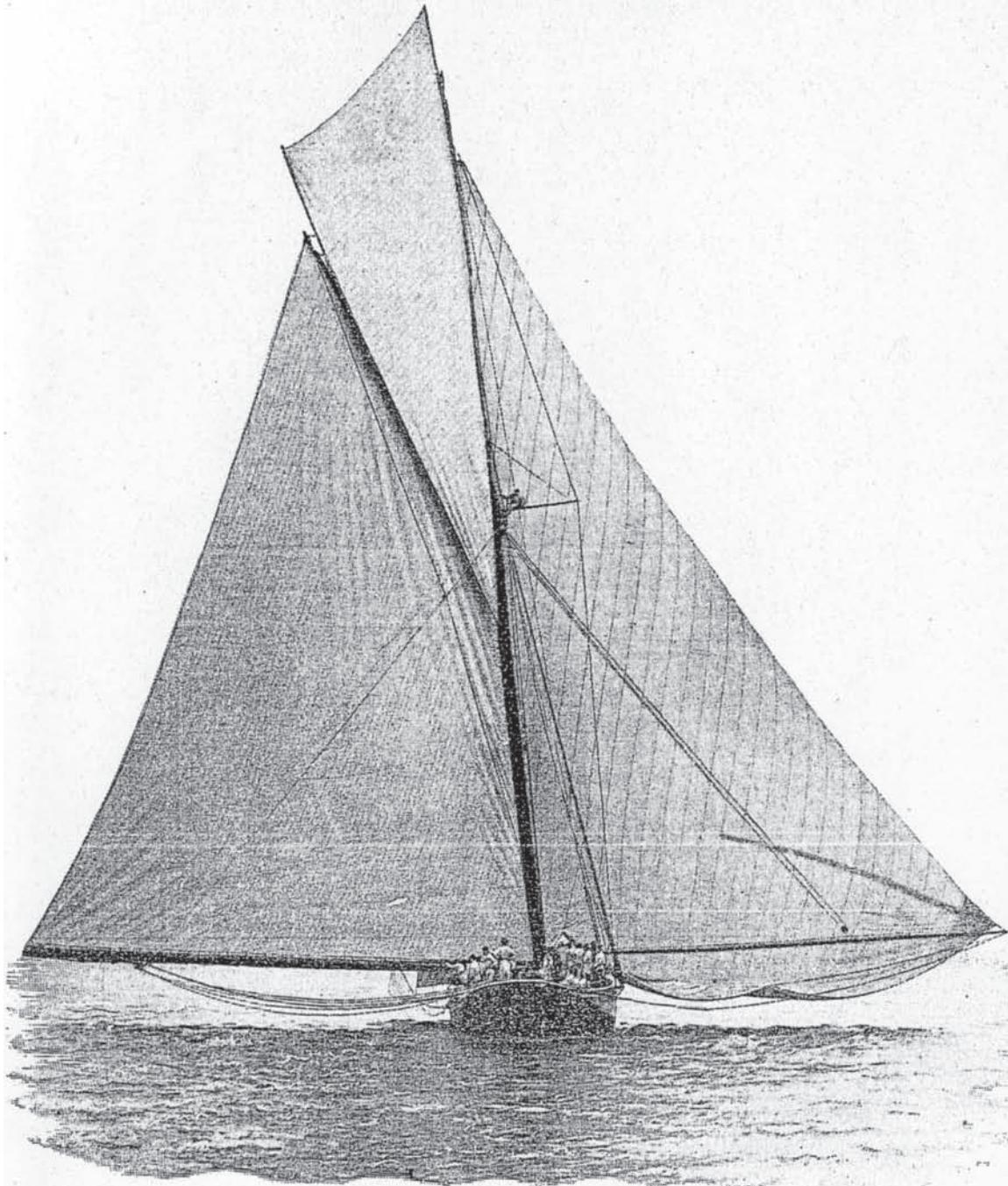
One point has not yet been conceded to the English designer by



THE MAYFLOWER.

our best builders. The sides of even our latest yachts still curve gracefully from the bilge, with a slight tendency to tumble home or bend inwards, which gives infinite grace to the yacht when lying in repose, like a floating bird. The typical English yacht of the day, on the other hand, rises from the water wall-sided, and thus, when looked at endwise, offers no effect of buoyancy or grace, and suggests too plainly that the only thing that keeps her from toppling over must be a prodigious weight carried very low down. The American yacht of to-day is not so handsome as the style that came in with the famous "America." This

observation applies emphatically to the small yachts constructed with very high freeboard and an immense overhang aft. They are said to be safer than our small sloops of other days; it may be so, although it remains to be proved; but they are less graceful and more expensive, owing to the increased cost of frame to support the outside ballast. Safety, however, is a solid compensation. We consider, however, that many of the lamentable accidents which have occurred in our waters are due not so much to the form of our yachts as to the fact that our coast during the heated term is liable to violent thunder squalls or fierce and sudden smoky sou'westers. Any



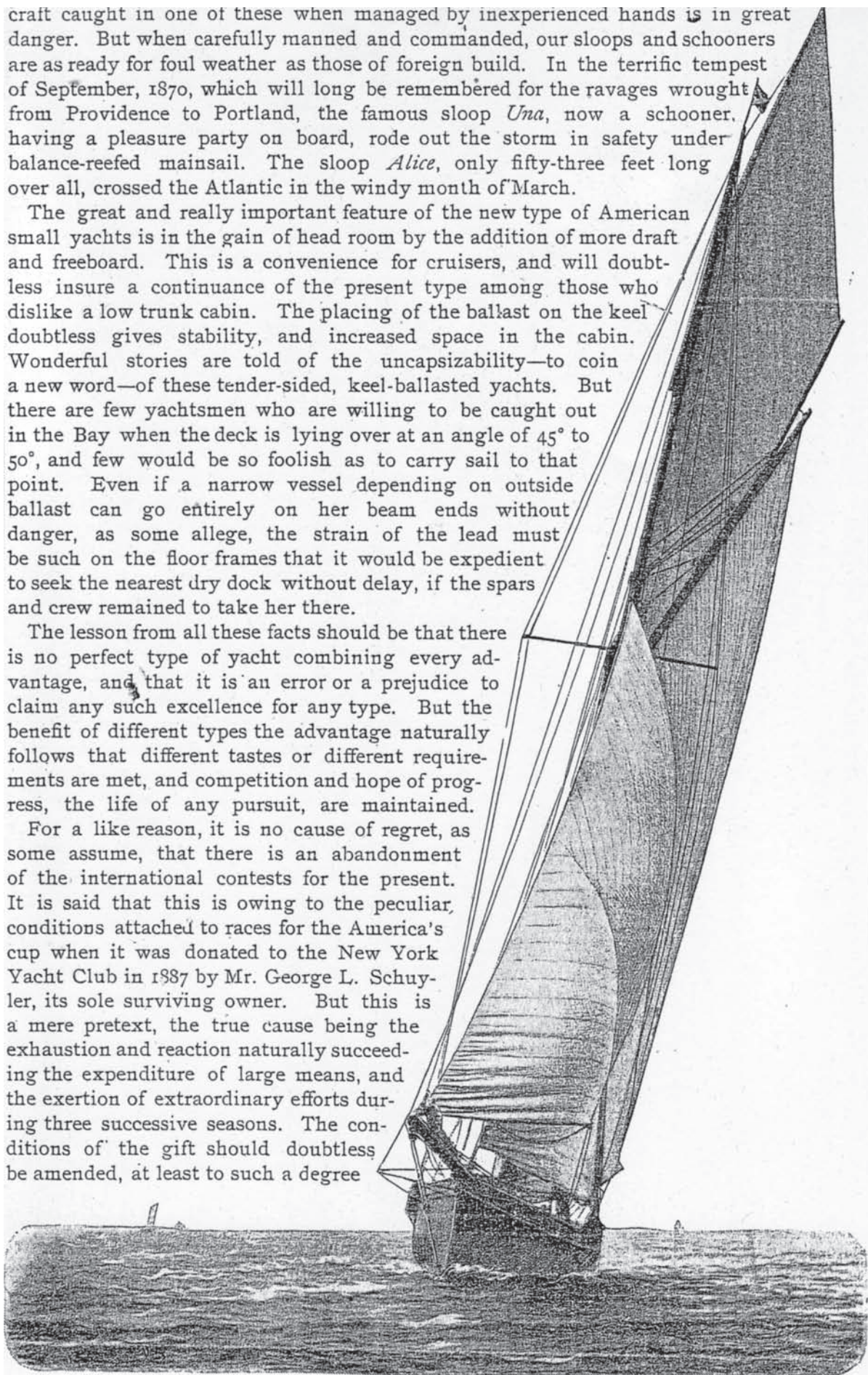
DEAD BEFORE THE WIND.

craft caught in one of these when managed by inexperienced hands is in great danger. But when carefully manned and commanded, our sloops and schooners are as ready for foul weather as those of foreign build. In the terrific tempest of September, 1870, which will long be remembered for the ravages wrought from Providence to Portland, the famous sloop *Una*, now a schooner, having a pleasure party on board, rode out the storm in safety under balance-reefed mainsail. The sloop *Alice*, only fifty-three feet long over all, crossed the Atlantic in the windy month of March.

The great and really important feature of the new type of American small yachts is in the gain of head room by the addition of more draft and freeboard. This is a convenience for cruisers, and will doubtless insure a continuance of the present type among those who dislike a low trunk cabin. The placing of the ballast on the keel doubtless gives stability, and increased space in the cabin. Wonderful stories are told of the uncapsizability—to coin a new word—of these tender-sided, keel-ballasted yachts. But there are few yachtsmen who are willing to be caught out in the Bay when the deck is lying over at an angle of 45° to 50°, and few would be so foolish as to carry sail to that point. Even if a narrow vessel depending on outside ballast can go entirely on her beam ends without danger, as some allege, the strain of the lead must be such on the floor frames that it would be expedient to seek the nearest dry dock without delay, if the spars and crew remained to take her there.

The lesson from all these facts should be that there is no perfect type of yacht combining every advantage, and that it is an error or a prejudice to claim any such excellence for any type. But the benefit of different types the advantage naturally follows that different tastes or different requirements are met, and competition and hope of progress, the life of any pursuit, are maintained.

For a like reason, it is no cause of regret, as some assume, that there is an abandonment of the international contests for the present. It is said that this is owing to the peculiar conditions attached to races for the America's cup when it was donated to the New York Yacht Club in 1887 by Mr. George L. Schuyler, its sole surviving owner. But this is a mere pretext, the true cause being the exhaustion and reaction naturally succeeding the expenditure of large means, and the exertion of extraordinary efforts during three successive seasons. The conditions of the gift should doubtless be amended, at least to such a degree



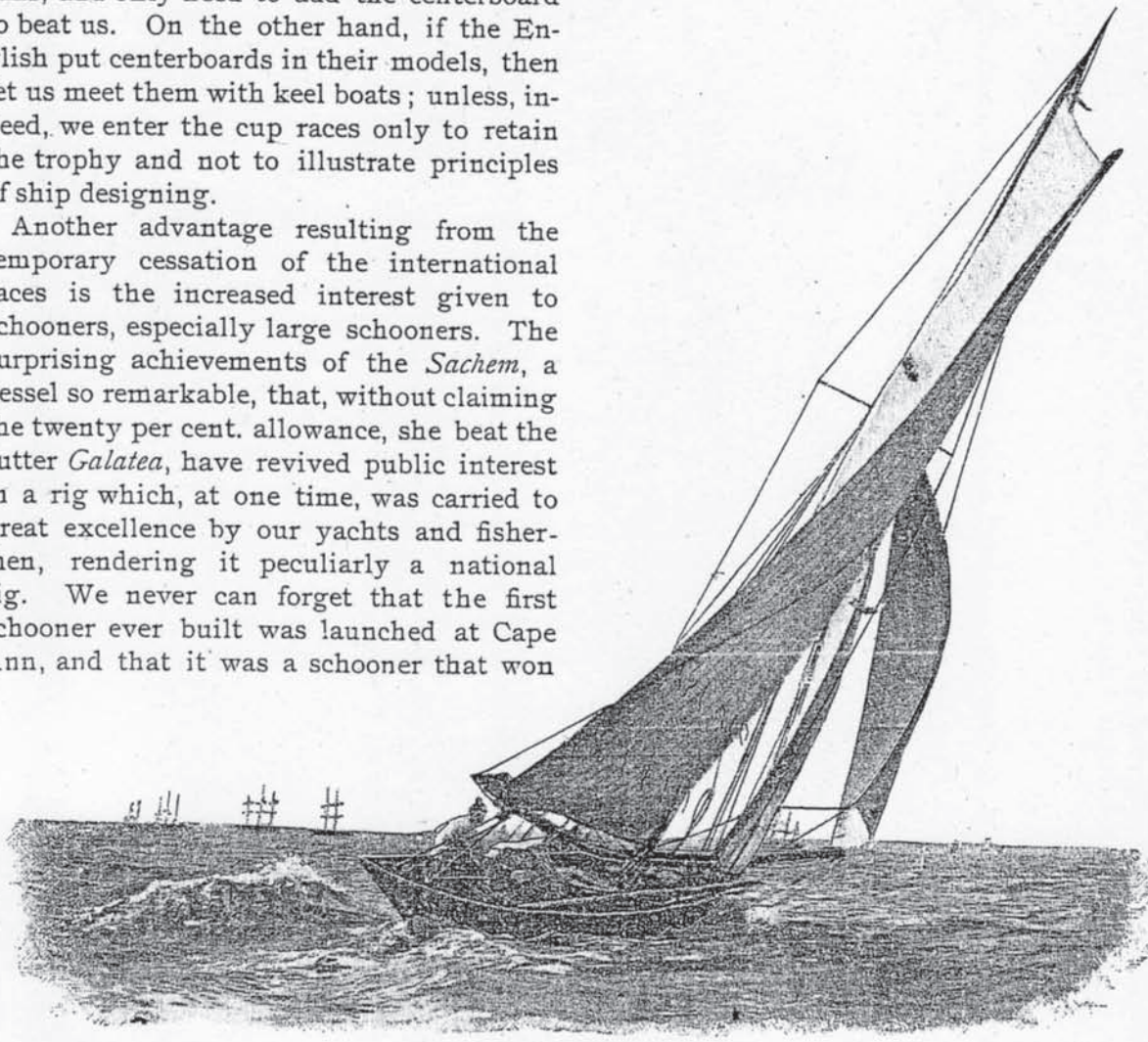
THE GENESTA.

as to allow of change with changing circumstances.

Let us hope that when next challenged our yachtsmen will manfully and generously concede the centerboard and meet the English competitors with a keel boat. As it is now, it can always be claimed that it is not so much the shape of our racers as the centerboard which gives us the superiority. This can be asserted with some apparent reason, because Mr. Burgess' sloops, especially the later ones, draw almost as much water with the centerboard up as a regular keel model. But our yachtsmen claim, *per contra*, that it is the superior lines of our models which lead our flag to victory. There is only one way to decide the question—that is, by a practical demonstration. We have shown what we can do with the centerboard; let us see what we can do without it, for, if that feature is all that the question turns upon, then the English can build as good yachts as the Americans, and only need to add the centerboard to beat us. On the other hand, if the English put centerboards in their models, then let us meet them with keel boats; unless, indeed, we enter the cup races only to retain the trophy and not to illustrate principles of ship designing.

Another advantage resulting from the temporary cessation of the international races is the increased interest given to schooners, especially large schooners. The surprising achievements of the *Sachem*, a vessel so remarkable, that, without claiming the twenty per cent. allowance, she beat the cutter *Galatea*, have revived public interest in a rig which, at one time, was carried to great excellence by our yachts and fishermen, rendering it peculiarly a national rig. We never can forget that the first schooner ever built was launched at Cape Ann, and that it was a schooner that won

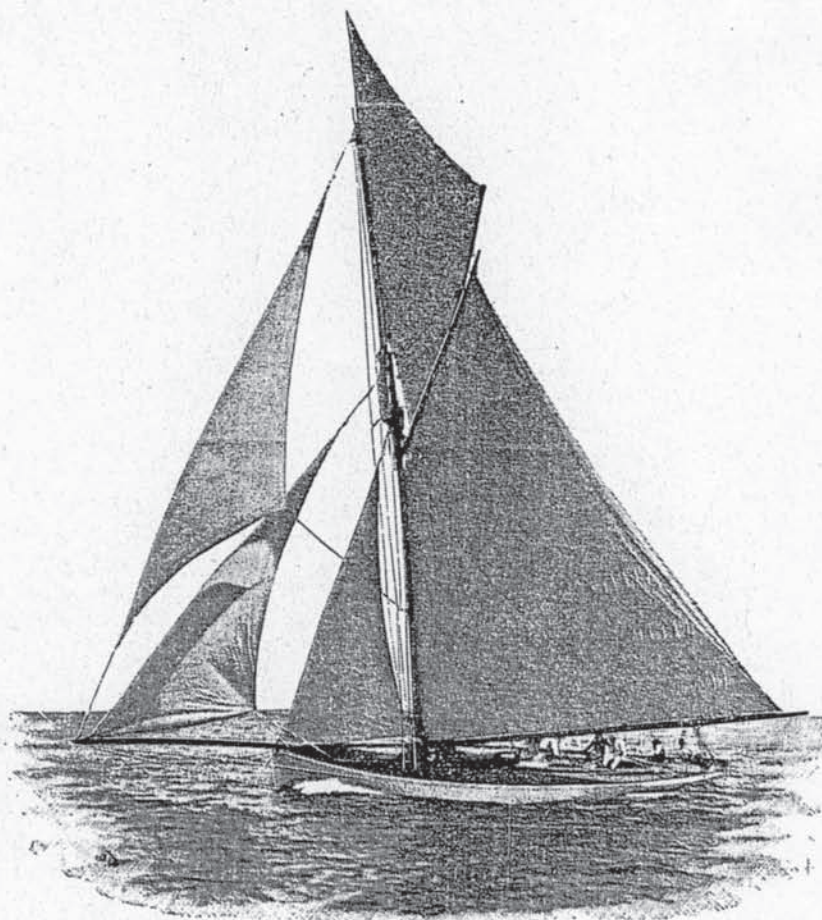
the prize from England, which has remained on this side of the Atlantic for nearly forty years. In seamanship it is not only speed that is, or should be, the object, but the means by which skill may be developed in attaining speed, and the sport which comes from pursuit of that object. Therefore, one may have as much fun, and display quite as much skill in developing the power of a two masted or a three masted schooner, as of a sloop or a cutter. The exercise of seamanship is really the object the true yachtsman should have before him. And, for this reason, it would be a pleasure to see some of our wealthy Corinthian yacht sailors taking an interest in the management of square-rigged yachts. If less speed is attained with them than with fore-and-afters, more skill is required to develop it, far more skill, for example, to go in stays, or to meet the coming of a squall, or the hazards of being taken aback. A race of brigs or barks or brigantines would be a most beautiful sight, and



A SINGLE HANDER.

would call out every energy and skill. One of the most exhilarating spectacles witnessed by the writer, was a race and display of rapid evolutions between two brigs of war, in the spacious harbor of Brest, the wind blowing a stiff, topsail breeze out the west, and a heavy sea rolling into the port. No display of racing between sloops or schooners ever gave me such a vivid idea of the power and

tons of lead, by the transformation of the *Priscilla* from a sloop to a schooner, and by the placing of outside lead ballast on the famous schooners *Montauk* and *Grayling*, with the intention of entering them in distinctively schooner races. The old *Resolute*, now called the *Ramona*, has also undergone great changes in the hands of Mr. A. Cary Smith, receiving a long, English counter, a stern-



Photographed by N. L. Stebbins.

THE PAPOOSE.

kill of which seamanship is capable. No command on a schooner ever sounds quite so grand as the sonorous orders "Maintop-sail haul!" or, "Let go, and haul!" followed by the creaking of the great yards as they swing around, and the noble fabric responds to the pressure of the swelling canvas. It may be said that the expense of running a square-rigger is too great for pleasure; but look at the enormous sums lavished on the effeminate toys called steam yachts.

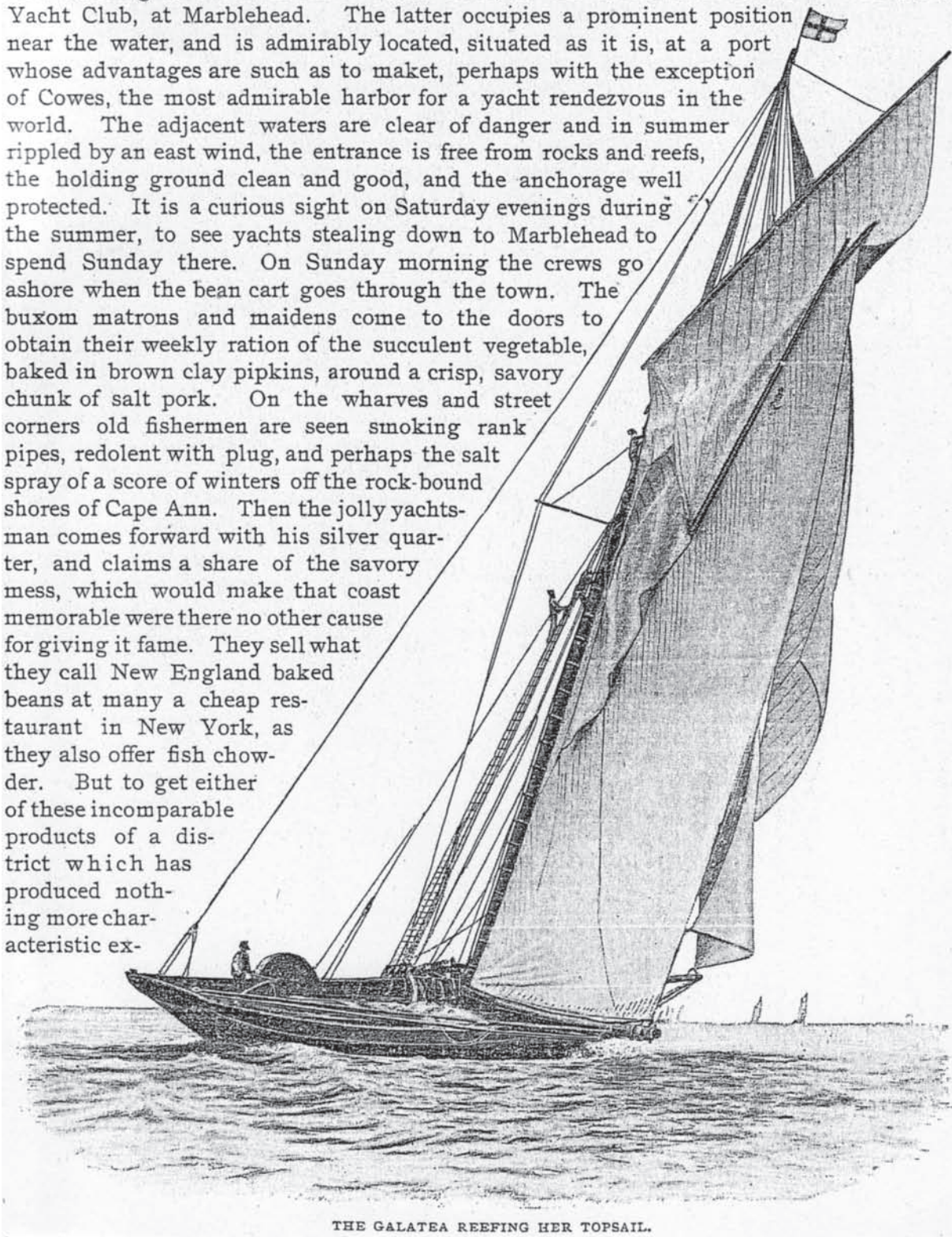
The renewed interest in schooners this season is shown by the building of such ships as Mr. Burden's powerful yacht, *Marguerite*, proposed as a rival to the stately *Sachem*, which has been reinforced by eight additional

post raking sixty degrees, and a pole bowsprit.

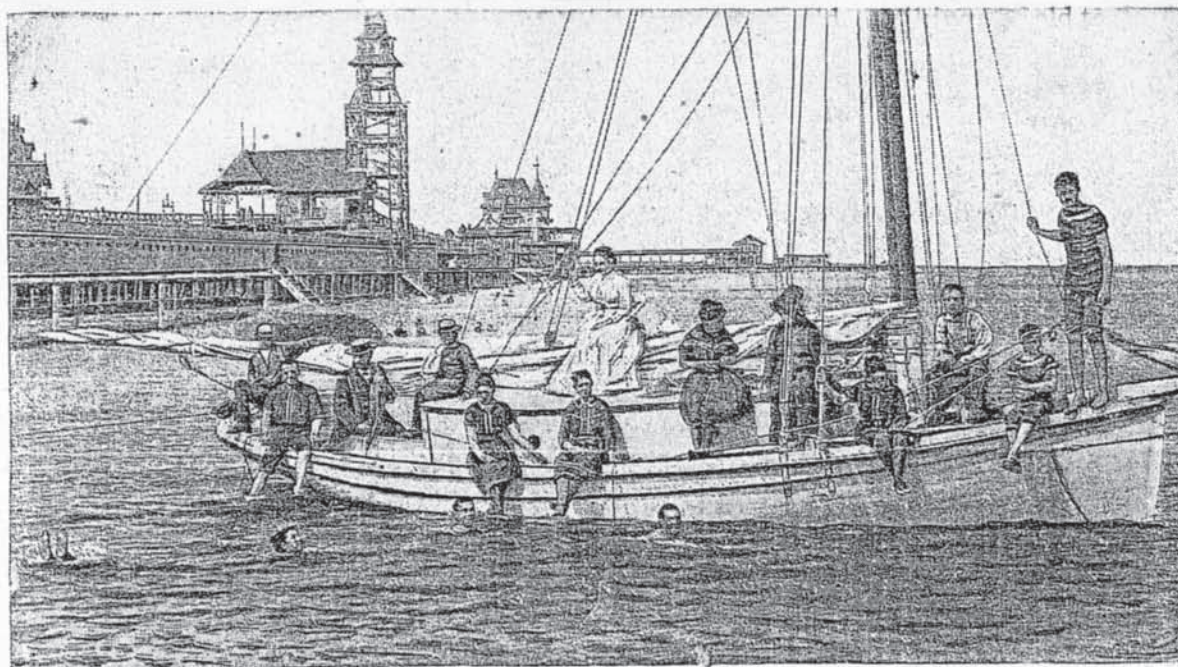
But the most important result of the interest created by "cutter men" in yachting, and of the great cup races, has been to create extraordinary activity among amateur yacht sailors, who "go down to the sea" in small yachts, called single-handers, of which they form captain and perhaps crew as well. This class of yachts has become very numerous, attracting some of those sportsmen who might otherwise have unwisely gone into canoeing for their summer recreation. This mosquito fleet is composed of small craft of twenty to twenty-three feet water line. The tiny cabins offer accom-

modations for two or three, and are provided with every convenience possible in so small a space. During July and August they thread the creeks and bays along the New England coast, now becalmed on a breezeless glassy swell, or anon leaping from crest to crest, washed with spray. At nightfall they anchor in a snug haven, and, in genial mood, live over the excitements and adventures of the day. Thus does the modern Ulysses win health for body and soul in the most delightful and invigorating of sports.

Attendant upon this growth in the love for yachting, has been, not only an increase in the number of yacht clubs, but added vigor to those already existing. Spacious club-houses have been erected, offering many conveniences for yachtsmen, such as the new building of the Larchmont Yacht Club, or the well-known house of the Eastern Yacht Club, at Marblehead. The latter occupies a prominent position near the water, and is admirably located, situated as it is, at a port whose advantages are such as to maket, perhaps with the exception of Cowes, the most admirable harbor for a yacht rendezvous in the world. The adjacent waters are clear of danger and in summer rippled by an east wind, the entrance is free from rocks and reefs, the holding ground clean and good, and the anchorage well protected. It is a curious sight on Saturday evenings during the summer, to see yachts stealing down to Marblehead to spend Sunday there. On Sunday morning the crews go ashore when the bean cart goes through the town. The buxom matrons and maidens come to the doors to obtain their weekly ration of the succulent vegetable, baked in brown clay pipkins, around a crisp, savory chunk of salt pork. On the wharves and street corners old fishermen are seen smoking rank pipes, redolent with plug, and perhaps the salt spray of a score of winters off the rock-bound shores of Cape Ann. Then the jolly yachtsman comes forward with his silver quarter, and claims a share of the savory mess, which would make that coast memorable were there no other cause for giving it fame. They sell what they call New England baked beans at many a cheap restaurant in New York, as they also offer fish chowder. But to get either of these incomparable products of a district which has produced nothing more characteristic ex-



THE GALATEA REEFING HER TOPSAIL.



ONE STYLE OF YACHTING OFF MARBLEHEAD.

cepting the poems of Whittier, one should spend Sunday in Marblehead or Salem.

The "furreigners"—as all who are not natives of "Mubblehead" are called by the "Mubbleheaders"—who condescend to eat *her* pork and beans are sure to enjoy their Sundays on a yacht quite as well as those who carry a French *chef* to serve elaborate dishes in magnificent saloons. As on shore, it is not luxury or lavish expense which alone brings comfort and pleasure to the heart of the genuine yachtsman. To him the humblest fare seasoned with the ozone of the salt, breezy ocean is enough. He delights to leave behind the swallow-tail coat and white choker, the desk, the postman, and the morning paper, and is never happier than when perched on the weather rail in a blue flannel shirt, conning his lively sloop and puffing at his briar-wood pipe; or, when the day is over, snug in port, partaking of a simple savory steak garnished with onions, and mealy potatoes, and washed down with an honest glass of ale or a brew of aromatic souchong. He hears the halliards slatting against the mast in the night wind, or feels the yacht jerking at her anchors, and anon the rattling of a cable or the creaking of blocks as another yacht runs in to her anchorage, and he hums to himself, "A wet sheet and a rolling sea, and a home on the rolling deep." He reckons not that his wee bark is neither large nor costly, for the spirit that inspires him is the same which fired the

Vikings of old to deeds of heroism and glory on many a stormy sea.

There are some who fear that steam yachts are destined to drive sailing yachts entirely out of the course or out of fashion. It is true that their number is greatly on the increase. Magnificence almost fabulous has been lavished upon them, and the speed of which some of them are capable, especially the Herreshoff boats, is something extraordinary. But speed is not the only thing the yachtsman looks for in a yacht any more than does the landsman who takes pleasure in horses. The enjoyment one takes in an elegant and speedy steam yacht we consider exactly akin to whirling over a prairie in a sumptuous Pullman car. But in the same way that steam has not driven fast horses out of existence nor out of fashion, steam yachting will have no more effect upon sail yachting, for which a certain number of enthusiasts will be found long as the world exists.

For this reason we note with great satisfaction the development in this country of a class of medium-sized yachts, the type of ten-tonners—so we call them in default of a better term—which is undergoing trial this season in eastern waters. We are inclined to think that the waters in the neighborhood of New York are such as to have been unfavorable at first to the development of the small keel yacht. The shallowness of its creeks, coves and harbors led to the almost



EASTERN YACHT CLUB, MARBLEHEAD.

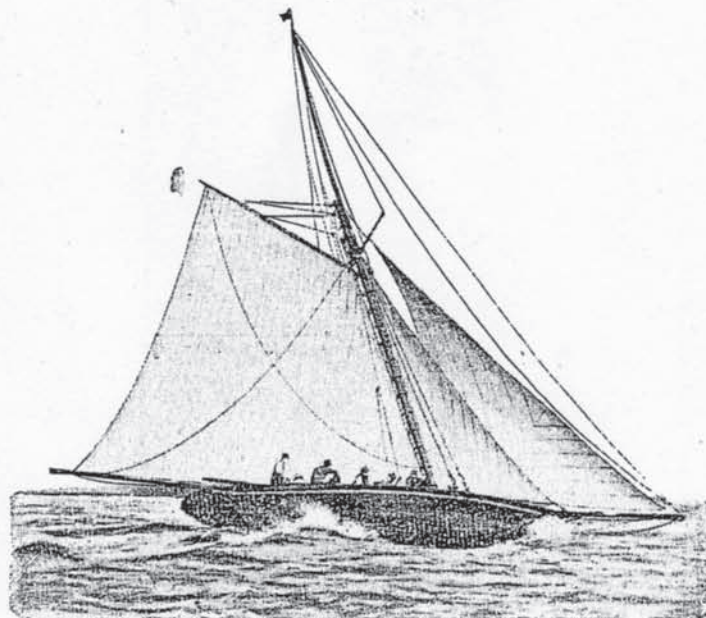
exclusive adoption of exceedingly light-draft, skimming-dish, center-board boats. In Boston, on the other hand, the keel sail boat has always been quite as common, probably more so, as the center-board, for the harbors are deep, and cruising is at once on the broad Atlantic instead of along the sheltered reaches of Long Island Sound. There is therefore a larger variety of model to be seen in the small yachts of the New England clubs than in those of New York Bay.

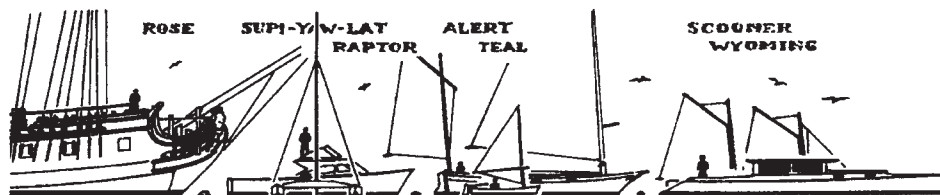
Mr. Burgess produced almost as much of a sensation a year ago by his small thirty-six feet low water-line, keel sloop, *Papoose*, as with his larger compromise sloops. To use a slang phrase, she "cleaned out" everything of her size on the coast, and produced a furore for small sloops fitted alike for racing and cruising. This year, accordingly, we see among a whole fleet of small sloops no less than four new boats of her type, designed by Mr. Burgess, of nearly equal proportions. Two are center-board and two are keel boats, and the designer considers that it is a toss-up

which proves the winner. The writer has seen only two of them as yet, the *Baboon*,—a most preposterous name to give to a graceful yacht—and the *Xara*; both powerful looking crafts. The accommodations of the latter are ample and comfortable, but we should like her better if provided with a good standing room, for which there could be no possible objection on the score of safety in a boat of her size. Her dimensions are thirty-

nine feet and six inches low water line, forty-eight feet over all, with a straight stem, beam thirteen feet, draft eight feet, least freeboard three feet one inch, and six feet one inch head room. The owner's stateroom is aft of the main cabin, and excellent quarters are forward for galley and crew. She carries twelve tons of lead on the keel; the mast is thirty-six feet long, deck to hounds, topmast twenty-eight feet long, heel to truck, and the bowsprit, which reefs, twenty feet long; altogether a wholesome ship, if less handsome than some of our older sloops.

Before closing this resumé of American yachting in the season of 1888, it may be stated that cruising is greatly on the increase; yachtsmen are searching out the nooks and corners of our coast, and it is becoming quite the fashion for wives and children to accompany them; it is a fashion which may be heartily commended and should become permanent, for it is not costly if sensibly conducted, without regard to the national weakness, ostentation, and will do much to reduce the doctors' bills.





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This has been obvious for the longest time. Phil and I had looked at this periodically and, after one more time of running across that modest pencil sketch of the idea recently, I figured that this should be pursued further to this level of reasonable graphic coherence. It would not take much to complete this version of the Chebacco double-chine plywood hull, assuming interest.

Some might find that they have an older Chebacco hull with a ratty set of sails, a hohum set of sticks, suggesting that they might as well go stinkpot following this layout here. Others may want to take on constructing this hull from scratch, a simpler proposition in this version without the centerboard, no dedicated rudder, no sailing masts nor booms, all for fewer hours and smaller budget.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #496 in *MAIB*
Chebacco Sedan Power Cruiser
Version Design #540
 19'8"x7'5"x1'3"x10hp

Folks familiar with the 20' Chebacco family of versions and hulls will immediately recognize this as the Chebacco-RD for "Raised Deck." That layout had been the most recent iteration of what once was conceived of as a readily trailerable daysailer with a minimal cuddy offering at best ascetic overnighting accommodations below. The

RD version saw the cuddy's bulkhead move 2' aft, making the cockpit that much shorter while really opening her up below for much longer cruises.

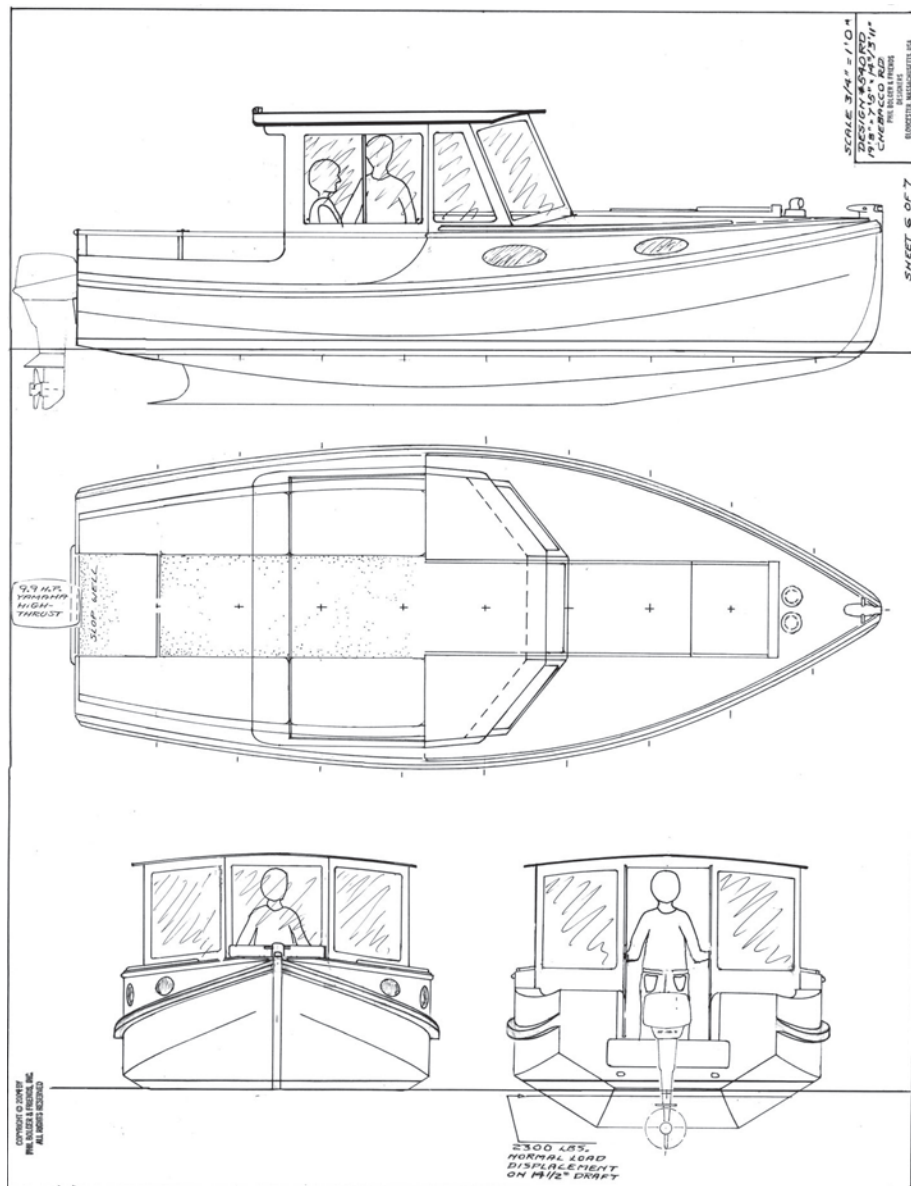
Raised deck power cruisers have their own charm, especially in smaller sizes. Getting the most volume out of a modest hull has often been the driving motivation. For some reason, it seems that the British cultivated the type in these smaller geometries more than others. And between this minimalist approach and the quite promising inland and coastal cruising capabilities, much day-dreaming and then actual cruising can be pursued on a rather modest budget.

Here, based on this unballasted day-sailer hull, even with the RD version for starters, we have not much more than 3' sitting headroom under that foredeck. And getting in and out of either berth will be part of the daily exercise and appropriate joint-bending regime. So the longer one looks at her profile, the more adding perhaps 3" to that raised deck's height might seem a good idea to at least draw up as long as looking forward while seated inside or out aft does not become a challenge. Raising the bunks an inch or two would add stowage under as well. Then again, a heavy looking raised deck can be awkward. Time to fool around with aesthetics during these dark winter months.

At any rate, once relieved of any aerodynamic concerns such a structure might have on any sailing ambitions, putting that airy wheelhouse on her seems a no brainer for those who simply have already sailed enough. And here, with full 6'4" standing headroom, is where one would spend most of their waking hours anyway with an uninterrupted 360° situational awareness as some mil spec folks might put it. In fact, while seemingly largish on that light hull, there is not much visual bulk with all that clear glass. And this comfortable wheelhouse interior makes for a convincing proposition to look at the world from.

Yes there still is available an earlier Cruising Chebacco design with a few even built. But on that same hull the house was lower for sitting headroom. And we were still concerned with her cat yawl wind-power.

So this version is essentially a 1+1 proposition, i.e., two good friends, or just granny, dog and pump action shotgun for company in whatever order. Her hull shape will be fine for sensible coastal cruising with ample buoyancy above the waterline, a fine entry and just 15" of loaded draft. We might want to opt for a big 10hp high thrust to have her punch through all sorts of conditions. Towing a sensible dinghy or even pulling boat would round out a rather handy approach for stretching cruising dollars. She'll never do much more than 6 knots wide open, but the point here is to get high displacement speed with least stress on the little engine, hence the 10hp here whereas the sailing version might be fine with an eager 4hp.



Not shown are fuel tank, battery location etc, but since she is indeed a rather slight power cruiser, there simply are not that many options for where to put things. With this cruiser, being a tightwad will produce all sorts of ingenious ways to stow and stretch provisions etc, for probably at least a week of independence, with some hardcore practitioners of travel minimalism finding her outright luxurious with her dry bunks, two real chairs, electric start outboard, no earwicks. Out through single door or two narrow halves? And where's that bucket?

As Phil intended, like all Chebaccos, she will ride low on a single axle trailer for easy launch and retrieval. Without folks nor full cruising provisions, she'll ride the interstates

with well under a ton of weight on that trailer, for an all up trailer and cruising loaded boatload of well under 3,000lbs combined.

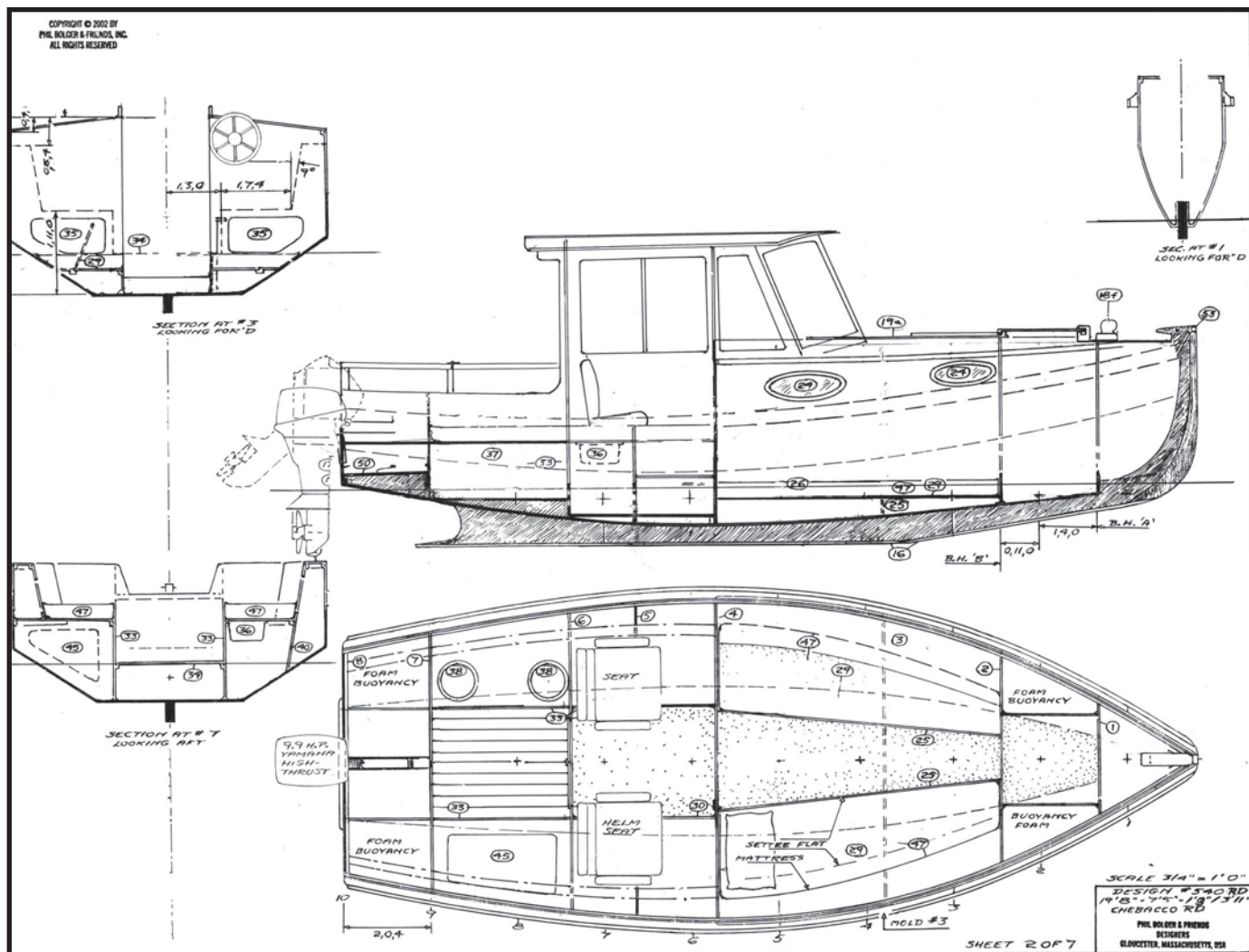
Without the centerboard nor its trunk, her keel can be made meaty with wear shoe cladding etc, as settling on gravel and smaller rocks might suggest to you. In tidal waters setting up a pair of "legs" against the house aft bulkhead should have her sit plumb upright on who knows what. There is a nice deep ground tackle compartment right abaft her stem.

Yes, flying a kite downwind should be doable assuming you use a sweep for heroic steering posture. And a pair of them via oarlocks on her short coaming will move her at a couple of knots. A yuloh may be a good idea

to keep handy in narrow creeks or just around the marina sneaking out in the wee hours.

There are a lot of happy hours to be spent figuring light boards, a signal mast forward in her house, perhaps a riding sail aft, carved name boards on her house side and that before chewing on color combinations, all to get to your preferred expression of saltiness or just plain good taste. And if you do not need 6'4" of headroom, losing what ever you can spare there will further add balance her profile.

No doubt already brewing in the minds of some, if you run her bottom and bilge panels straight aft from amidships, you can hang a stonking 50hp on her and have her scream along at probably a pinch over 20knots. But where would you put all that fuel?



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For those of us along the northern Gulf Coast it is an interesting time to go boating. We can get sunburn, dehydration and hypothermia in the same day. A nice winter day with the bright sun can give us a sunburn just as easily as in the middle of the summer. The wind over the water along with bright sunshine can also dehydrate us as it blows past and a cool wind (or spray) can encourage hyperthermia. For the sunburn there are a variety of creams and lotions. Dehydration is taken care of with appropriate beverages and basic hypothermia prevention is proper clothing. An additional first aid item for treatment of hypothermia is a large plastic bag. If anyone on the boat seem to be suffering from hypothermia, the plastic bag becomes a wind breaker and heat holder. Depending on the situation, they simply climb into the bag and gather the open end around their neck. If the person got fairly wet for some reason, cut a hole in the closed end of the bag and slide the bag over the person's head (they need to breathe) and gather the open end below the feet. Along with PFDs and a first aid kit, a large plastic bag or two on board may be a good idea.

While probably not very useful offshore, there is a report out that researchers at the University of Texas have developed a "low cost" GPS that is very accurate. The system uses signals from antennas found in mobile phones. These signals report the phones' locations. By collecting and processing these signals, the GPS has a multitude of sources to use rather than just its satellite reception.

When we kept our Sisu 22 in the backyard on its trailer, winter cold fronts were times of concern. Here in north Florida we can get freezing temperatures overnight and antifreeze is needed for the vehicles. Since the Sisu 22's engine was raw water cooled, I would hook up the garden hose and flush the system after a trip in salt water. That meant that the raw water side of the engine had the remains of fresh water in the low spots. My solution, when freezing temperatures were predicted, was to string my 100 watt work-



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

light out and hang it under the oil pan. A 100 watt light puts out a lot of heat and the insulated engine box held most of the heat in around the engine. The metal reflector shield around part of the bulb kept the heat focused and the cage on the other side protected the bulb. It all worked rather well.

I use a variation of this concept to provide a warm spot in the unheated garage for the outdoor cat. A 25 watt bulb was placed in a metal teapot. With the lid, on there was not much light shining in the garage at night and the bulb was warm enough to have heat radiating from the pot. The cat curled up on a towel beside the warm pot and all seemed well. If you are concerned about your boat's inboard engine freezing, either method may help keep things "warm."

Sailboat racing is not for everyone. But, along with sail trim, tactics and rules, one can learn a lot about factors affecting boats on the water. For instance, the load in pounds on a line can be calculated by the formula (Load in Pounds = Sail Area * (Wind Speed)² * 0.00431). Another such bit of knowledge is that for every knot of boat speed the boat is moving about 1.7' a second. If sailing (or motoring) along at 6 knots, a boat is covering about 10' a second, or that seawall ahead is about "x" seconds away. Then there is the calculation for how fast a displacement hull can move efficiently through still water. I have seen two formulas for this speed calculation. One uses 1.25 and the other 1.34 multiplied against the square root of the waterline length of the boat. Either will give a fair approximation of the answer. Granted, if a

boat is surfing in strong winds/seas, the boat can exceed the theoretical maximum speed for short periods of time.

While it may not be suitable for small vessels, a mechanical fuse for the drive shaft for large engines is an interesting idea. The device disconnects the drive shaft from the transmission if the propeller hits something. The formal term is a "torque limiting coupling." The device is designed for Z-drives but the idea may become useful in other applications. Those of us with older diesel engines have something of the sort with the damper plate that goes between the engine and the transmission, which is designed to be the first item in the mechanical linkage to "break" if something goes wrong. This came to mind the other day when I was showing our Sisu 26 to a prospective buyer as the damper plate caused a problem when I put the engine in gear. My mechanic will come and fix the problem, and if the prospective buyer does take the boat there should not be a problem if the boat is used routinely. The idea of a mechanical "fuse" of any sort reminds me of the shear pins we carried to use with our small outboard for when the prop hit something in the water.

A change in electronics that will affect those with a multitude of electronics on their boat is the transfer of data from app to non app devices. A current example is the Signal K system that is being developed to let those on the water access and/or transfer data from one device to another (smart phone app to an on board PC and the reverse). At present, most onboard electronic systems do not "speak" the same language as the internet or the apps on most portable devices. Open source devices and software will alleviate the problem, or so the developers hope. Their solution is a gateway device that translates between wireless devices and on board electronics. Connected to the gateway is a small server and a wireless router. The three devices (and the software) will provide those who write apps with a broader range of possible users. It will be interesting to see what comes of this effort.

Rowing to Euphoria...

Photo by Harvey Petersiel



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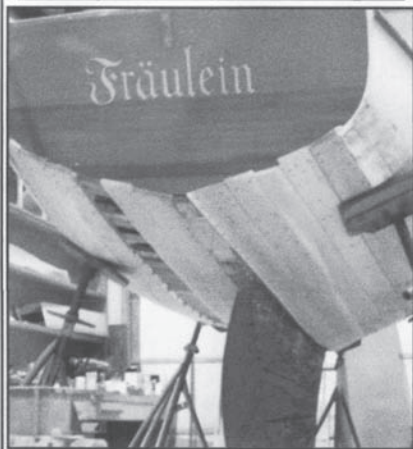
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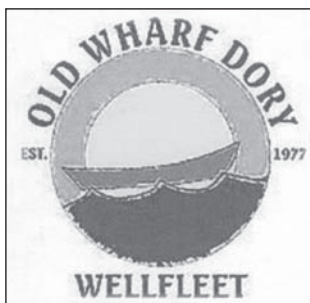
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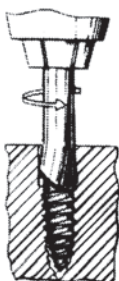
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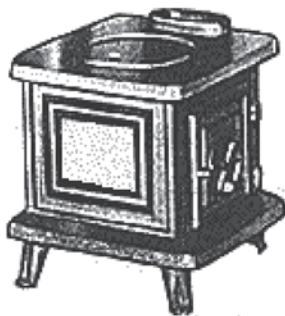
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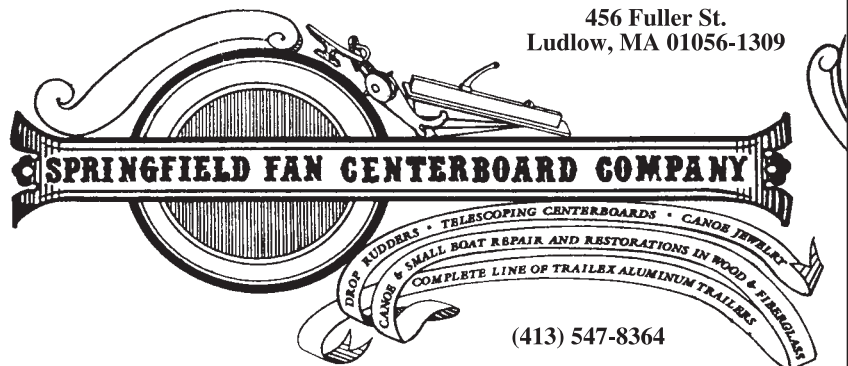
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